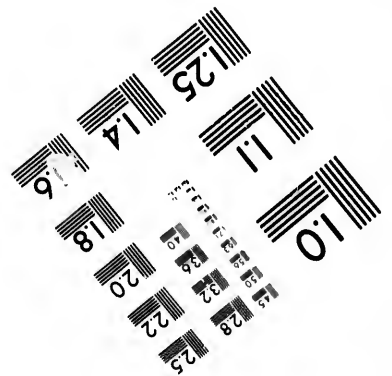
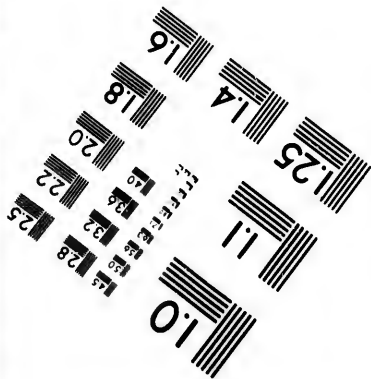
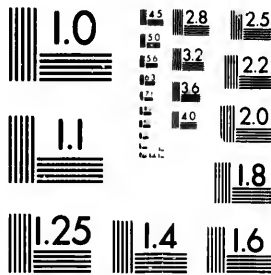


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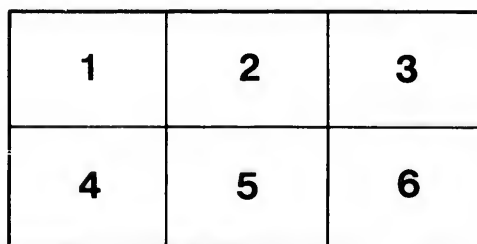
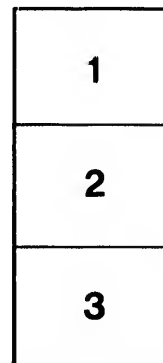
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THE
ATLANTIC COAST GUIDE.

A COMPANION FOR THE TOURIST

BETWEEN NEWFOUNDLAND AND CAPE MAY.

INCLUDING SKETCHES OF

CAPE BRETON,
NEW BRUNSWICK,
PENOBSCOT BAY,
ISLES OF SHOALS,
MASSACHUSETTS BAY,
NANTUCKET,
NARRAGANSETT,
CONNECTICUT COAST,
STATEN ISLAND,
LONG BRANCH,

NOVA SCOTIA,
GRAND MENAN,
CASCO BAY,
CAPE ANN,
CAPE COD,
BARTHA'S VINEYARD,
NEWPORT,
LONG ISLAND,
MEMPHIS COAST,
CAPE MAY.



With an Account of all Summer Resorts.

NEW YORK:
E. P. DUTTON AND COMPANY.

BOSTON:

A. WILLIAMS AND COMPANY.

1873.

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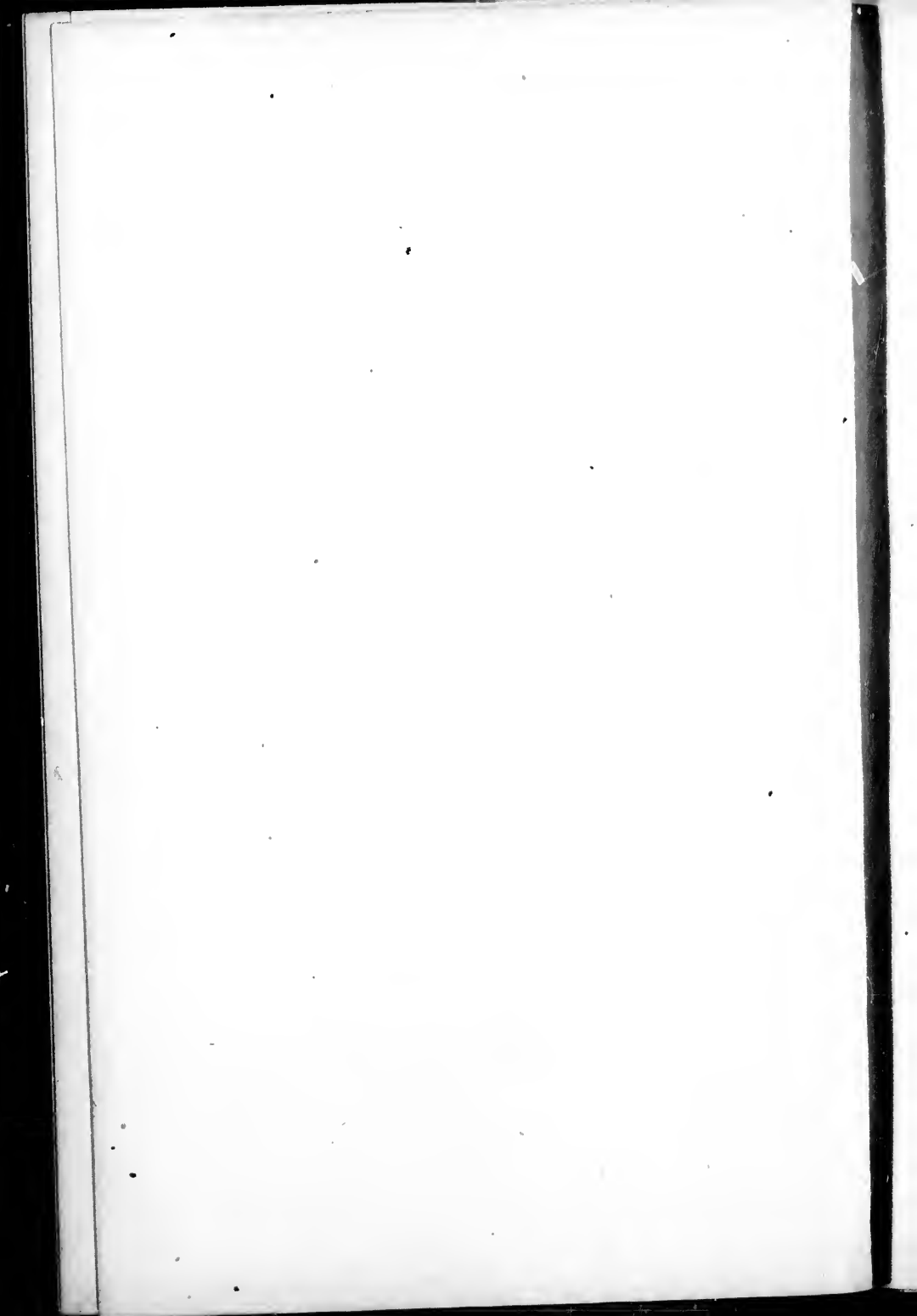
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HOW TO USE THIS BOOK.

THIS book has grown out of the author's summer travel, and is divided into two parts. In the first part, the tourist is taken *eastward* from Portland; and in the second, *southward* from Portland. This plan furnishes the best geographical division of the subject. The paging of the two sections is kept distinct, as the author intends to make additions to both parts from year to year.

While care has been taken to secure the accuracy demanded in a guide, it is hoped that the literary character of the book may fit it for some degree of usefulness as a companion.

In searching for any particular subject, the reader will do well to consult the *indices* which follow this preface.



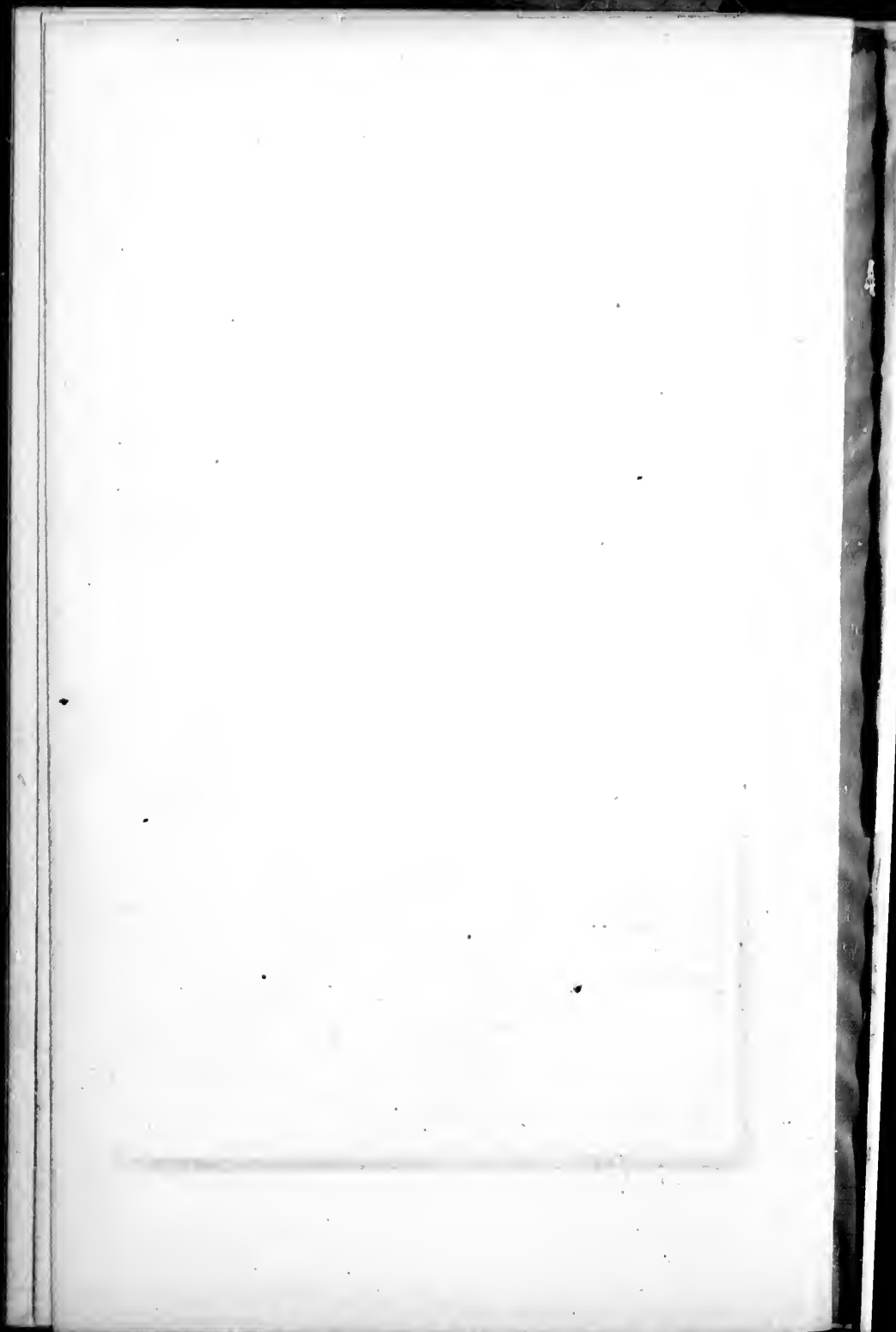
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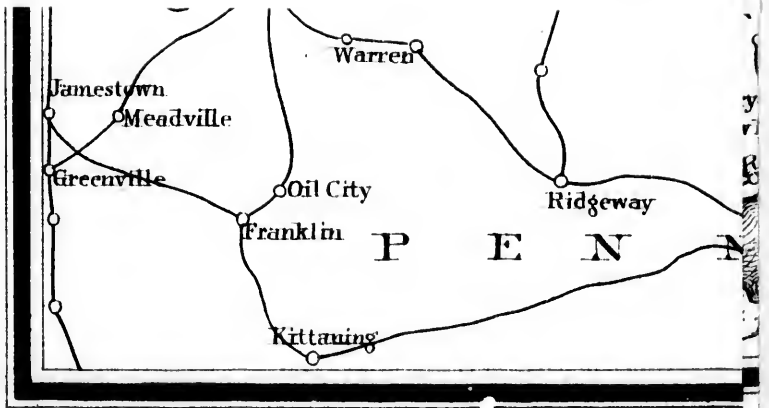
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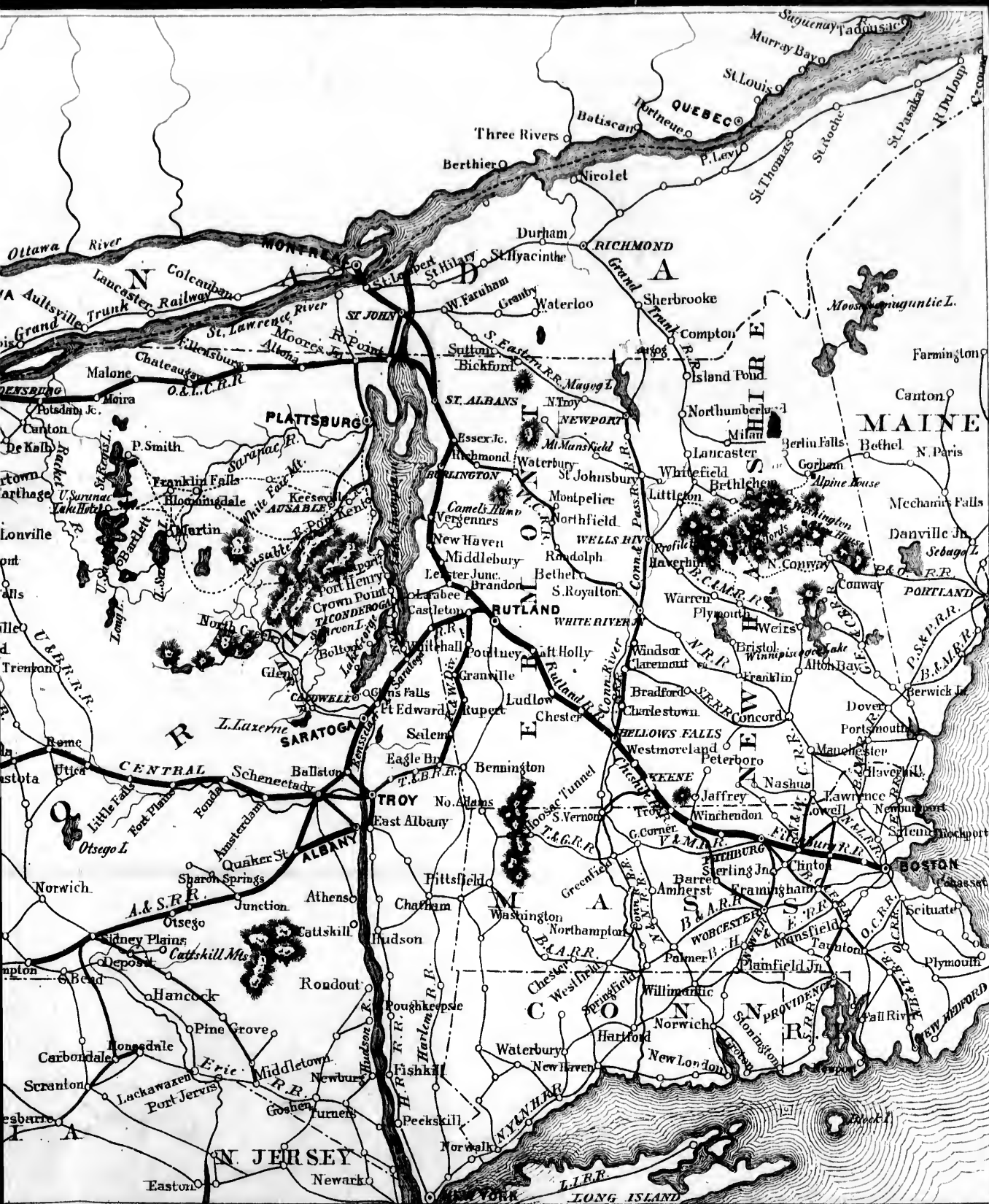
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Murray Bay
Saguenay Tadoussac
St. Thomas
St. Roch
St. Parada
R. Du Loup

Three Rivers
Berthier
Nicolet
Durham
St. Hyacinthe
Richmond
Grand Trunk

Ottawa River
Colcaubano
Laucaster Railway
Grand Trunk
St. Lawrence River
St. John
St. Albans
Plattsburg

Franklin Falls
Hoodingdale
Keeseville
Ausable
Port Henry
Ticonderoga
Saratoga
Schenectady

St. Albans
Newport
Montpelier
Wells River
Rutland
White River
Windsor
Clarendon

MAINE
Northumberland
Milam
Berlin Falls
Bethel
N. Paris
Gorham
Alpine House
Mechanic Falls
Danville Jn.
Sebagus L.
P.O. R.R.
PORTLAND
B.A.M.R.R.
Berwick Jn.

Albany
East Albany
No. Adams
Fittsfield
Chatham
Hudson
Cattskill
Roadout

Troy
Bennington
Salem
Ludlow
Chester
Westmoreland
Peterboro
Nashua
Lawrence
Manchester
Glaverhill

NEW HAMPSHIRE
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Framingham
Worcester
Haverhill
Mansfield
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Newbury
Fishkill
Peckskill

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Norwich
Hartford
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New Haven

LONG ISLAND
L.I.R.R.





GENERAL INTRODUCTION

TO THE NEW ENGLAND COAST.

CHAPTER I.

THE COAST — ITS BEAUTIES — ITS PECULIARITIES — ITS RIVERS — THE NORTHMEN — CABOT — VERRAZZANO — GOSNOLD — PRING — DE MONTS — WEYMOUTH — POPHAM'S COLONY — THE DUTCH — HENDRICK HUDSON — THE JESUITS.

THAT which is dearly bought is highly prized; and hence scenes viewed when travelling afar are esteemed above those found nigh at hand. Tourists flock annually to the Old World in search of natural beauties, as if there were nothing in our own land to excite admiration. And yet we have every variety of mountain and coast scenery, equal, if not superior, to that of foreign countries, almost within sight of all our doors.

We hear much, for instance, of the coast-scenery of Cornwall, the Isle of Wight, and the Mediterranean, but we need not fear to place in comparison the varied and romantic beauties of the coast of Maine. The entire seaboard is fretted and fringed in the most re-



markable manner, forming a long-drawn labyrinth of capes, bays, headlands, and isles. The mingling of land and water is indeed admirable. - Here a cape, all clad in pine greenery, extends out into the sea, coquetishly encircling a great field of blue waves; there a bold headland, with its outlying drongs, meets and buffets the billows with catapultic force; here the bright fiord runs merrily up into the land, the hills stepping down to its borders, mirroring their outlines as in a glass; there a hundred isles are sown, like sparkling emeralds, in the summer sea.

We need not plunge into the wild interior of Maine, and wander amid its mountains and lakes and streams, in order to discover a wealth of beauty. All that one can reasonably desire is found on the border. Sailing northward, the shores of the Atlantic are found comparatively uninteresting until we approach the coast of Maine, when all tameness vanishes, and the shore puts on a bold, rugged beauty that could hardly be surpassed.

Whoever carefully examines a good map of the continents will perceive that, in a multitude of cases, amounting almost to a general rule, the capes point southward, and that groups of islands are found south of the land. Or otherwise, that, as we proceed southward, we find the land tapering away and terminating in islands. This we have seen is eminently true of the coast of Maine. To account for the present configuration of this coast is extremely difficult. It looks as if its shores had been broken and serrated

by glaciers, which, as Agassiz tells us, once covered the entire State. Before the grand retreat of the ice period, those vast glaciers, slowly descending from the mountains to the sea, might, perhaps, in long ages, have thus ploughed out portions of the shores, forming capes and bays; yet we must, in many cases, account for the islands, at least, by other causes. Some are clearly the result of upheaval, while others may have been formed by the sinking of neighboring land beneath the surface of the waves. Yet, however this may be, the coast of Maine presents an appearance similar to what the Duke of Bourbon called, "that nook-shotten isle of Albion." And from its broken outline comes its beauty.

In approaching the coast, the first landmark seen is Agamenticus, a mountain lying in the county of York, just east of the Piscataqua. Off Portsmouth we come among the islands, and here are found the noted Isles of Shoals. Thence we may voyage for two hundred miles, through a maze of islands, until we pass Grand Menan and Passamaquoddy Bay.

Four noble rivers empty on the coast. These are the Saco, which rises in the White-Mountain Notch; the Androscoggin, flowing from the Umbagog Lakes; the Kennebec, from the famous Moosehead Lake; while the noble Penobscot wanders down to the sea from its springs around the feet of cloud-splitting Katahdin. Each of these streams, except the Androscoggin, has its own broad bay. These bays became the

seats of colonization, and, like the entire coast of Maine, they are noted in early history. And this brings us to take a hasty glance of the first voyagers to the coast, in order that we may better understand the ground.

The Pre-Columbian discovery of America is now regarded as a fact. The authenticity of the Icelandic histories has been amply vindicated, and there is no difficulty in believing that the entire Atlantic coast lying above the forty-second parallel, was more or less familiar to the Icelandic navigators. Yet the shores of Maine are not described in any of the Sagas.¹ The principal voyages were made to a locality called Vinland, near the southeastern part of Massachusetts, for which place they laid their course when leaving the headlands of Nova Scotia. Consequently, while the shores of Labrador and Nova Scotia are delineated with considerable minuteness, nothing appears to apply to the coast of Maine:

Biarne, son of Heriulf, who was driven upon the American coast in the year 985, doubtless saw this part of the country, and the early voyagers probably came thither in their expeditions to obtain timber; but the history of Maine was nevertheless a blank as late as the close of the sixteenth century. About five years after the discovery of America by Columbus, the Cabot brothers sailed southward along the coast of

(1) For an account of these Icelandic writings, see "The Pre-Columbian Discovery of America by the Northmen," published by Joel Munsell, Albany, 1868.

Maine, though without leaving any memorial. In 1504 the Biscay fishermen are known to have frequented the neighboring seas; while in 1524, possibly, Verrazzano coasted northward past these romantic shores.

The first distinct mention of this coast is made in the account of Gosnold's voyage in 1602. Gosnold, who sailed from Falmouth, England, March 26, came in sight of the coast of Maine, May 4, in about the 43d degree of north latitude. The land seen by him may have been Agamenticus, though some persons offer the opinion that it was Mount Desert.¹ Here Gosnold met eight Indians in a shallop, which they had probably obtained of some Biscay fishermen.

June 7, the year following, Martin Pring came in sight of the coast, and afterwards explored the entire seaboard. The Northmen and Biscayans were doubtless accustomed to land here; still, the name of Martin Pring is the first that we find in connection with any known achievement. The accounts which he gave on his return were reliable and exact.

In the winter of 1604-5, De Monts, with his party who came from France in the preceding May, lived

(1) "A skilful navigator, three years afterwards, found that Capt. Gosnold had marked places in this region, at half a degree below the true latitude; and it is certain that the central Isle of Shoals, which is in lat. 42° 29, is south of the first land he saw." Williamson's History of Maine, Vol. i. p. 185. Agamenticus is the slightly eminence in the town of York, eight miles northwest of its harbor, and near the Piscataqua River.

on an island in the St. Croix River. In the spring, De Monts, attended by Champlain and other gentlemen, coasted southward in a small vessel, erecting a cross at the Kennebec, and taking formal possession of the territory in the name of the King of France; notwithstanding the voyage of Pring, according to the views of that age, gave to the English Crown a prior right.

In May of the same year, George Weymouth came out with an expedition under the patronage of the Earl of Southampton, the friend of Shakspeare, and on the seventeenth of the month reached an island on the coast, which he called St. George. This island was probably Monhegan. He afterwards explored the country, and then returned to England, carrying with him several Indians whom he kidnapped for the purpose.

In 1607 George Popham attempted to found a colony at Sagadahoc, where a fort and various buildings were erected. His first thought was to commence his colony on Stage Island, but he afterwards removed to the peninsula. It is claimed that this was the first attempt to colonize the coast of Maine; though perhaps we should wait further developments before positively settling down in this belief. There still remain large quantities of unpublished manuscript relating to Maine, and the commission now (1868) engaged abroad in collecting material may possibly discover testimony that will place this whole question in a new light.

The colony at Sagadahoc was composed chiefly of people more or less attached to the Church of England. They brought their chaplain with them, and held Divine Service here on the coast of New England, thirteen years before the Plymouth Pilgrims landed on the shores of Cape Cod. As is well known, after making a fair beginning, they were obliged to give up the enterprise and return to England.

This has been claimed as the first attempt to colonize the State of Maine; yet we should be careful not to overlook the claims of the Dutch. Says General de Peyster: "At two points of this interesting and beautiful coast the Dutch planted the honored flag of the United Provinces; and, at several other points, they themselves were located by their English conquerors; who, desirous of availing themselves of their thrift and industry, transplanted them thither, from the shores of the Hudson." We do not know the precise period when they first made their appearance, though at the *latest* it must have been soon after the Plymouth Pilgrims fixed their habitations on the shore of Massachusetts Bay. The site of one settlement was at Broad Bay, now called Muscongus Bay, lying between Pleasant Point and Pemaquid Point. The Duke *de la Rochefoucault*, in his travels, says that the Dutch attempted to settle at New Castle in 1607. In the annals of the town of Warren it is also said that "The Dutch, as early as 1607, and again in 1625, attempted to settle at Damariscotta. Cellars and chim-

neys, apparently of great antiquity," it is said, "have been found in the town of New Castle; and copper knives and spoons, of antique and singular fashion, are occasionally dug up with the *supposed* Indian skeletons, at the present day, indicating an early intercourse between the nations of the continents. Similar utensils, and the foundations of chimneys, now many feet under ground, have also been discovered on Monhegan, as well as on Carver's Island, at the entrance of St. George's River, where are said to be also the remains of a stone house."

Among the vestiges of the Dutch in Maine we may perhaps class an old canal, at Pemaquid, which Williamson says was built "by hands unknown." At the same place was a handsomely paved street, "like the canal," the "work of unknown [?] hands." Possibly, as General de Peyster says, "the documents may yet be found, substantiating that *Acadie* was Dutch before an English eye looked upon her evergreen forests, or pressed her mossy shores." This notion may explain the fact that in 1676 the Dutch sent a man-of-war, the frigate *Flying Horse*, under Captain Jurriaen Aernouts, who captured the French Fort at Castine, on the Penobscot.

The colony established by De Monts, at Port Royal, was abandoned, but in 1611 it was re-established by Poutrincourt, who brought over Father Pierre Biard, a Jesuit Professor of Theology at Lyons, and Father Masse. The next year the Marchioness de Guerche-

ville, the warm friend and patron of the mission, induced De Monts to surrender his patent, when it was conferred upon her by Louis XIII., who added all the territory in America between the St. Lawrence and Florida, with the exception of Port Royal, which had been previously confirmed to Poutrincourt. In 1613 the Marchioness prepared to take full possession of her territory in America. Le Saussaye commanded the ship that was sent out, and with him went Fathers' Quentin and Lallemand and Gilbert du Thet. Arriving at Port Royal they found Fathers Biard and Masse in a sorry plight, like the rest of the colonists, who were pressed for food.

Father Biard had already visited the Penobscot, with which he was very favorably impressed, and now it was resolved to go there and establish a colony and mission. Accordingly the Jesuits of Port Royal went on board the "Honfleur" and sailed for that place; but how they failed to reach it, how they landed at Mount Desert, and were afterwards expelled by the English, we must leave to be told by others.



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EASTWARD BY RAIL.

CHAPTER II.

PORTLAND — WESTBROOK — YARMOUTH — BRUNSWICK —
BATH — ROCKLAND — THOMASTON — RICHMOND — GARDIN-
ER — HALLOWELL — AUGUSTA — WATERVILLE — BANGOR —
OLDTOWN — FREDERICTON — ST. JOHN'S — MOOSEHEAD
LAKE — UMBAGOG — KATAHDIN.



TN going "Down East," we may travel either by land or water. The route by steamer between Portland and Eastport is described in the two following chapters, which treat of Penobscot Bay and Grand Menan. Before going on this voyage, however, it will be proper to point out the route by rail, which, with the exception of a small break in Nova Scotia, takes the tourist to Pictou, Schediac and Halifax. By this route the tourist proceeds to Bangor, and thence to St. John's, New Brunswick, by the European and North American Railway.

Leaving Portland by the Portland and Kennebec Railroad, we find the principal stations as follows: Westbrook (5 miles) is a flourishing town, with pleasant scenery. Yarmouth (16 miles) forms the intersection of the Grand Trunk Railway, diverging to Quebec and Montreal. Brunswick comes next—distant from

Portland 30 miles. Founded in 1794, it is the seat of Bowdoin College, a well-known institution of learning. Here the road branches eastward, and runs to Bath, situated fourteen miles above the mouth of the Kennebec, and goes on to Thomaston and Rockland, situated on the southern border of Penobscot Bay, and celebrated for the production of lime.

Returning to Bath, we go on to Richmond, 46 miles from Portland; Gardiner, 56; Hallowell, 61; Augusta, the capital of Maine, 63 miles. At this point one may take the steamer, descend the Kennebec, and return to Portland by sea. We, however, go on to Waterville, 83 miles from Portland, and the seat of a Baptist college. Continuing by the Maine Central Railway, we pass Clinton (92 miles), Pittsfield (104), Newport (114), Dexter (128), and finally reach Bangor (138); this is one of the largest and most prosperous cities of Maine. It is situated at the head of tide-water on the Penobscot, a portion of the city lying on either side of the river. There is an abundance of water-power and a convenient basin for ships. The water rises and falls about 16 feet. The Kenduskeag River empties here. Bangor is the seat of a well-known Theological Seminary. Its specialty is the lumber trade.

The tourist may now take the mail coach and go to Mt. Desert, distant 40 miles; or push on by rail to Oldtown, the home of the famous Indians, of whom some account is given in the chapter on Penobscot Bay. Oldtown is 12 miles from Bangor, Milford 13, Passa-

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dumkeag 31, Winn 56, Mattawamkeag 58. Thence the route lies by Fredericton, N. B. Leaving Fredericton, we descend towards the St. John's River to St. John's. Towards the close of this section of the journey the tourist has some lovely views of the romantic St. John's.

Whoever desires to visit Mooshead Lake when pursuing this route, may do so by taking the branch road at Oldtown, and going to Foxcroft. Thence the route is by stage, 32 miles, which is four miles less than that pursued in branching off at Waterville for Carrituck Fall. By taking the latter route, however, the railway will carry the tourist through Norridgewock, the home of the Jesuit, Father Rasle, so celebrated in early New England history, and concerning whom Whittier has much to say in his poem of Mogg Megone.

Moosehead Lake is 35 miles long and 10 miles wide, though in the centre there is a passage not more than one mile wide. The water is deep, and the lumber boats afford tourists the means of transit. The principal hotel is the Kineo House, near the central portion of the lake. On the west side is Mount Kineo, 600 feet high. There is hardly room here to sound the praises of this splendid lake, so popular with hunters and fishermen. From the Kineo House the visitor may proceed by boat or canoe down the west branch of the Penobscot, and approach Katahdin, the highest mountain in Maine, 5,885 feet above the sea.

In going to the Grand Lakes in Washington County, the route is by steamer to Calais, and from thence by

rail to Princeton, where guides will be found. Lake Umbagog is reached by the Grand Trunk Railway, which is left at Gorham.

Before turning to speak in more extended terms of the route along the coast through Penobscot Bay, it will be useful to give the following information.

The steamer leaves Railroad wharf, Portland, every Tuesday and Friday evening, at ten o'clock, on the arrival of the train from Boston, and proceeds by the way of Rockland and Mount Desert to Machiasport. Bar Harbor, Mount Desert, is generally reached the next day about noon, and Machiasport late in the afternoon. By this route, the trip from New York to Mount Desert occupies about twenty-seven hours.



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PENOBSCOT BAY.

CHAPTER III.

KENNEBEC — MONHEGAN — CAMDEN — OLDTOWN — PAMOLA
— CASTINE — THE CAPUCHINS — ILE OF HAUTE — PLA-
CENTIA — MOUNT DESERT.



ENOBSCOT Bay lies in a region invested with all the interest that is attached to other portions of the Maine Coast. In going thither from the Isles of Shoals, we pass outside of Casco Bay, which, with its countless islands and numerous delightful resorts, might well claim a chapter of its own. But making Portland the point of departure, we go *through* this bay, and, if it is daylight, become somewhat acquainted with its peculiarities. After clearing the bay in the night, the first light that appears is Seguin. This stands near the mouth of that beautiful stream, the Kennebec. When on the coast of Maine, the summer tourist should ascend this river to Augusta. The scenery is everywhere fine. Here for the first time we saw a sturgeon, as described by Longfellow, in all his armor :

“ On each side a shield to guard him,
Plates of bone upon his forehead,
Down his sides, back and shoulders,

Plates of bone with spines projecting!
Painted was he with his war paint,
Stripes of yellow, red and azuro,
Spots of brown and spots of sable."

They always seem very fond of leaping out of the water. Standing on the deck of the upward-bound steamer, we heard a sudden splash in the water, and started, thinking that a man had fallen overboard; but it proved to be only "the sturgeon, Nahma," who from the bottom

"rose with angry gesture,
Quivering in each nerve and fibre,
Clashing all his plates of armor,
Gleaming bright with all his war paint;
In his wrath he darted upward,
Flashing leaped into the sunshine."

While I was looking at the place where he disappeared, Nahma's brother, about the size of a man, did precisely the same thing, leaping full out of the water, and then falling back again in true histrionic style, as if stiff and dead.

Next on our right, at sea, is Monhegan. This is a low flat island of considerable size. Beyond question Captain John Smith actually landed here, if he did not at the Isles of Shoals. We have his own word for it. He arrived in April, 1614. The island had been a resort of fishermen since 1608, if not longer. Smith says that "whilst the sailors fished, myself with eight others ranged the coast in a small boat. We got for trifles near eleven thousand

beaver skins, one hundred martens, and as many otters." He carried back to England forty-seven thousand dried fish cured at the island. The Arabic system of notation would utterly fail to tell how many thousand cod have been taken here since. The settlement on the island is small, but the place is of genuine interest. We passed this island again on one of the loveliest nights that I ever spent on the water, when the full-orbed moon sent down upon the waves her most bewitching glances. For

"In such a night
Stood Dido with a willow in her hand
Upon the wild sea banks and wail her love
To come again to Carthage."

If the runaway Æneas had been with us on the Lewiston, he would not have objected seriously to going anywhere, simply on account of the weather.

On this island is what looks like a Runic inscription in the face of a rock. An engraving of this rock is given by the Society of Northern Antiquarians in one of their publications (*Des Antiquaires du Nord*, May 14, 1859), but the Society very prudently abstained from giving an opinion. The Northmen when on the coast may have noticed this island, yet the alleged inscription is probably the result of disintegration.

Opposite Monhegan, on the main, is Pemaquid, the home of Samoset, who welcomed the English Pilgrims at Plymouth in 1620. Bradford says this

Chief came "bouldly amongst them, and spoke to them in broken English, which they could well understand but marvelled at it. At length they understood by discourse with him, that he was not one of these [Plymouth] parts, but belonged to ye eastrene parts, wher some English ships came to fish, with whom he was acquainted, and could name sundrie of them by their names, amongst whom he gott his language." According to the account which he gave of himself, he was Sagamore of "Morattiggon," lying eastward "a daye's sail with a great wind, and five days by land." He visited the Pilgrims again two days afterwards, that is, Sunday, March 18; and on March 22, he came for the last time to Plymouth with the Chief Squanto, by whose joint agency a peace was arranged with Massasoit.

He appears only once more on the page of New England history, in 1625, when he deeded away a large tract of land near Pemaquid. Among his other good acts was that of rescuing some shipwrecked Frenchmen cast away on Cape Cod in 1617. Says one writer, "The life of the Pemaquid chief Samoset, or Somerset, must ever awaken the most tender and interesting reflections; and the generosity and genuine nobility of soul, displayed by this son of the forest, must be allowed as a fairer index to the true character of the Aborigines than their deeds of resentment and cruelty in after-day when goaded to madness by the cupidity or treachery of the Europeans."

Between Pemaquid and Monhegan the fight of the *Enterprise* and the *Boxer* took place in 1813, the latter becoming a prize to the United States, after a severe engagement of thirty-five minutes, in which the commanders were both killed.

Early in the morning the steamer reaches Rockland, where the Portland steamer connects with the boat running to Bangor. This place is chiefly celebrated for its lime, which is burnt and exported in fabulous quantities. Our Down-east friends find the lime-rock as good as gold, and get rich in the trade almost as fast as their Massachusetts neighbors do in selling off their ice. From this point we catch a glimpse of the Camden Hills, a few miles distant, now a popular place of resort. The whole region around Camden abounds in attractions that have not become hackneyed like most of the resorts in Massachusetts. The hills as we passed them strikingly reminded us of the heights of Mount Desert, though they present little of their wonderful variety.

The coast line here as everywhere is extremely irregular. Between Portland and Machiasport the steamer changes her course over two hundred times. From Kittery Point to West Quoddy Head, the distance in a right line is only about two hundred and twenty-six miles, while it is said that an actual survey will make the shore three thousand.

So little was known of the coast in 1607, that Popham wrote to Prince Charles, telling him that nut-

megs and cinnamon grew here. He also said that seven days' journey westward from Sagadahoc, there was a large sea reaching to China, which "unquestionably" was not far from these shores.

A short distance above Bangor is the settlement of the Old Town Indians. The present number of the tribe is five hundred and twenty-five. The school numbers fifty-four scholars. They receive from the Government nearly six thousand dollars annually. Their number has not diminished for the last forty years. They are frequently seen in the vicinity of Mount Desert. They have a "New Party," and an "Old Party," as is the case at Pleasant Point, though with the Old Town Indians the New Party is the less respectable. They have had bitter quarrels among themselves from time to time, and once, for a period of two years, they were left by the Roman Catholic authorities, to whose church they adhere, as perfectly incorrigible. They have among them a Phenician custom which prevails in Ireland, of building huge bonfires on Midsummer Eve, the Vigil of S. John Baptist. They are exceedingly superstitious, and have some famous traditions regarding Mount Katahdin, the residence of the Spirit Pamola. One of them, according to Father Vetromile, who served as Priest of Old Town, runs as follows:

Several hundred years ago, while a Penobscot Indian was encamped east of Katahdin, in the autumn hunting season, an unexpected fall of snow covered

the whole country to the depth of many feet. Not having any snow-shoes, he was unable to return home, and remained blocked up in the drifts, feeling that he must eventually perish. But in his despair he called with a loud voice for Pamola, who finally made his appearance on the top of the mountain. Thereupon the Indian took courage, and offered a sacrifice of oil and fat, which he poured upon some burning coals. As the smoke went up, Pamola descended from the summit of the mountain, when the sacrifice was repeated, drawing Pamola as far as the camp, where the Indian welcomed him, saying, "You are welcome, Partner." Pamola replied: "You have done well to call me partner, for thus you are saved, who otherwise would have been destroyed by me. Now I will take you on the mountain, and you shall be happy with me." He therefore put the Indian on his shoulders, bade him close his eyes, and in a few minutes, with a noise as of a whistling wind, they were inside of the mountain. The Indian described the interior of Katakahdin as containing a comfortable wigwam, furnished with an abundance of venison, and all the luxuries of life, and that Pamola had a wife and children living there. Pamola gave him his daughter to wife, and told him that after one year he could return to his friends at the Penobscot, and have the privilege of coming to see his wife as often as he pleased. He was told, however, that he must not marry another wife, and that if he did he would immediately be

transported to Katahdin, from whence he would never return again. At the end of the year he went back to Old Town and told all his adventures. The Indians urged him to marry again, which at first he refused to do; though at last they carried their point. But Pamola was true to his word, for the day after he suddenly disappeared, and he must, of course, have been spirited back to the heart of the Mountain. It is to be hoped that his fate will have a wholesome effect upon those who remain. I was shown by Dr. Ballard, the Secretary of the Maine Historical Society, a rude sketch of Pamola, that was made for him by an Indian. The sketch reminded me of Falstaff's description of Slender, who "was for all the world like a forked radish, with a head fantastically carved on it with a knife."

We did not on this occasion ascend the Penobscot, which, however, well repays the journey, as the steamer sailed from Rockland direct to Castine. This is another extremely interesting place. As we approached the landing, the old earthworks upon the summit of the hill to the rear of the town came prominently into view, their outline being relieved by the sky. Castine has a pleasant, cleanly appearance, and the whole neighborhood looks inviting. Near the Point is shown the site of Baron Castin's fort.

Among the names associated with the early days of the Penobscot that of Vincent de St. Castin is the most distinguished. At one time he was an officer in

the body guard of the King of France. Born near the Pyrenees and accustomed to their wild and rugged scenery, the primeval forests of Acadie accorded well with his eccentric disposition. Soon after arriving at Quebec, in 1665, the regiment of which he was commander having been disbanded, he selected the pine-clad peninsula of Biguatus as his place of residence. On the same spot which had previously been occupied by D'Aulney and Temple, he erected a fortified habitation, and for over a quarter of a century carried on an extensive and profitable trade. La Hontan estimated his profits to have been two or three hundred thousand crowns, and Castin himself informed M. Tibierge, in 1695, that eighty thousand livres could be annully realized at Penobscot out of the beaver trade. In 1673, twenty-one white persons, including soldiers, were connected with Castin's establishment. He formed a close alliance with the savages by marrying the daughter of Madackawando, their chief, and his influence over them was so great, that they regarded him as their tutelar god. Within his habitation was a chapel, attended by a Roman priest. He was an avowed enemy of the English. King William's War has sometimes been called Castin's War. In 1688 Sir Edmund Andros anchored off his fort in the frigate *Rose*, when the Baron fled to the woods. Andros landed and pillaged the place, not even respecting the chapel altar. Then followed nine years of war and bloodshed. Castin afterwards

rebuilt his fort, but while absent in France in 1703, it was again pillaged. The next year Colonel Church carried fire and the sword throughout the region. Castin died in France, but his son by his Indian wife continued to live in the country.

The visitor at modern Castine may also feel interested in learning that at one period the Capuchins had established a monastery here. This Order is a branch of the Friars Minor, founded by St. Francis of Assisi. A member of this branch of the Order, having made the remarkable discovery that the brethren did not wear the same style of capuce, or hood, that their founder wore, succeeded, in conjunction with another devotee, in obtaining (July 13, 1528) a Papal Bull for the establishment of the Capuchins as a distinct society. Mr. Shea says that they first appeared in the French colony in 1632, when they were offered the direction of religious affairs, which offer was declined. In 1643 D'Aulney invited them to come to Acadia. In 1646 Father Druillettes, a Jesuit from Quebec, going on a visit to the Abenakis, found at Pentagoet a little hospice of Capuchins, under their Superior, Father Ignatius of Paris. This hospice, according to Charlevoix, was on the Kennebec at Castine, where they acted as Chaplains to the French traders and settlers. It is thought that the visit of Father Druillettes led to the erection of a new and more permanent hospice. At all events one was erected in 1648, which is demonstrated by an

inscription on a plate of copper, found in the autumn of 1863, near the old brick battery, known as the Lower Fort. The inscription is as follows:

“1648. 8. IVN. F. LEO. PARISIN. CAPUC. MISS
POSVI HOC FVNDTM IN HNR EM NRÆ DMÆ
SANCTÆ SPEI.”

This may be rendered as follows:

“1648. JAN. 8. I, FRIAR LEO, OF PARIS, CA-
PUCHIN MISSIONARY, LAID THIS FOUNDATION IN
HONOR OF OUR LADY OF HOLY HOPE.”

In 1649, D'Aulney, the patron of the Capuchins, was overpowered by La Tour, whom Mr. Shea describes as a “hickory member” of the Roman Catholic Church, and his settlements were disbanded. The Capuchins in Maine left no records.

Of the character of these men we cannot speak with the same definiteness as of the Jesuits. The monks of old differed greatly in their characters and reputation. There were the monks of St. Gildas de Rhuy. Longfellow thus makes Lucifer hit them off in “The Golden Legend”:

“The convent windows gleamed as red
As the fiery eyes of the monks within,
Who with jovial din
Gave themselves up to all kinds of sin!
Ha! that is a convent! that is an abbey!
Over the doors,
None of your death-heads carved in wood,
None of your Saints looking pious and good,
None of your Patriarchs old and shabby?
But the heads and tusks of boors,
And the cells

Hung all round with the fells
Of the fallow deer.
And then what cheer!
What jolly fat friars,
Sitting round the great, roaring fires."

But if the monks of Maine belonged to this class, they showed little sense in leaving the endowed monastery of the Old World for the log-built hospice of the New, where, instead of securing the deer's fell, they might lose their own scalps. They led a hard and often a sad life. Instead of the constant carnival of de Rhuys it was a prolonged Lenten fast. Theirs was the coarse fare, the scanty board, the wearing vigil, the painful march, and, at night, the bed of boughs. Such men have a right to stickle about the cut of a capuce. Indeed, they have seldom had justice. Still they were generally men of right aims and a self-denying spirit, ready to compass sea and land to make a proselyte, and buying at any price the privilege of sending an Indian child to heaven with a drop of dew.

From Castine we descend the bay around Cape Rosier to the pleasant little town of Sedgwick where passengers are landed. Thence the steamer's course is shaped for Deer Isle, which is about half as large as Mount Desert and supports a thickly settled fishing community. The isle appears to be a bright sunny place, and a summer spent here would no doubt be profitable, as the steamer regularly places travellers on one of the most central portions of the bay.

We next go through Egemoggin Reach which extends between Deer Isle and the mainland, after which the Isle au Haute, High Island, as Champlain called it. That explorer was evidently well acquainted with this locality. He says: "Coming to the south of the High (*haute*) island, and coasting it at about one-fourth of a league where there are several sand-bars just out of water, we turned to the west till we opened the mountains which are to the north of said island. You can be assured that in seeing the eight or nine notches in the Isle of Mount Desert and of Bedabebec, you will not see any more islands." It was on the Isle of Haute that the United States Sloop-of-War, John Adams, mounting twenty-four guns, got ashore August 17, 1814, having on board sixty English prisoners. She was eventually brought off and taken up the Penobscot, where to prevent her capture by the British, she was set on fire.

Close at hand may also be seen Placentia, an island that Whittier celebrates in his poem of Mogg Megone. He tells us of one Pere Breteaux who had a mission here, dwelling alone in a hut. He says:

"There sleep Placentia's group—and there
Pere Breteaux marks the hour of prayer;
And there, beneath the sea-worn cliff,
On which the Father's Hut is seen
The Indian stays his rocking skiff,
And peers the hemlock bough between,
Half trembling as he seeks to look
Upon the Jesuits Cross and Book."

This, however, is nothing but a pretty fiction. No mission ever existed here, and no Jesuit of the name ever labored on the Maine Coast. It is, nevertheless, a pleasant spot.

Speaking of Mount Desert, Champlain says that it is close to the main land, "and very high and notched, appearing from the sea like what seems to be seven or eight mountains on a line near each other," which has already been shown to be the case. The summits appeared then as they do now, for he says, "the tops of the most of them are without trees, because all is rocks." What woods there were he says were "all pines and *boilleaus*." He adds, "I named it the Island of the Desert Mountain," (*iles Monts desert.*) The latitude of the highest eminence, Green Mountain, he fixed at forty-four and a half, which agrees sufficiently well with the modern survey.

Then we left Penobscot Bay and sailed around Mount Desert to South-West Harbor, where Colonel Church, during the French and Indian war, sometimes came in search of the enemy, who made the isle a rendezvous. It was here in a cask that the Massachusetts men established a novel post-office. Arriving here Church says that he found none of his vessels that he expected, but instead "a rundlet rid off by a line in the harbor which he ordered to be taken up." On opening it he found a letter addressed to him, from which he learned that the friends had returned to Boston. But on our arrival (1868) we

received the mail in a red leather bag, marked U. S., from Deacon Clark. From thence we steamed around to Bar Harbor, intending to resume journey to Grand Menan at the next trip.

The Island of Mount Desert is about fourteen miles long and seven wide, in shape something like a horse-shoe. The island is nearly cut in two by a body of water called Soames' Sound. On each side of the entrance to this sound is a harbor, one called Northeast and the other Southwest Harbor. Bar Harbor, the principal resort, is on the north side. The mountains are the distinguishing feature. There are thirteen distinct ranges. On the east of each range is a lake, except in the case of that mountain overlooking Soames' Sound. The highest is Green Mountain, 1535 feet above the sea. Whoever wishes to know anything of Mount Desert should secure the book entitled "Rambles in Mount Desert," published by Randolph & Co., New York.





GRAND MENAN.

CHAPTER IV.

ROUTE TO MACHIAS — THE FIGHT — LUBEC — EARLY HISTORY — EXPLORATIONS — GULLS — SWALLOW-TAIL HEAD — WHALE COVE — INDIAN BEACH — DARK HARBOR — THE RETURN.



LEAVING Bar Harbor at noon on a beautiful August day, we started for the northern head of Grand Menan, situated in a direct line about eighty-five miles from Mount Desert. In steaming out we had a fine view of the cliffs of Iron-bound Island, and Schoodic Hill. The latter, as we progressed, turned itself around to afford a full view of its bare and bleached sides. Gradually, Newport and Green Mountain faded into one, and then sank out of sight.

The next noticeable feature was Petit Menan, so called to distinguish it from Great, or Grand Menan. It is a low, barren island, with a granite lighthouse one hundred and twenty-five feet high, showing a flash light. A wreck lay in the surf on the beach. This place is about fifteen miles from Bar Harbor. The next lighthouse is on Pond Island, to the right of which is the island called Jordan's Delight, having handsome cliffs. Near a shingle beach was an arch-

way in the rocks. The pilot said that the place was full of attractions.

At Millbridge, it being low water, the passengers were taken off by a boat. Ship's-Stern Island was next pointed out. It resembles, at one end, the stern of an old-fashioned ship. Pigeon Hill now disappeared in the distance, and the steamer ran on among clusters of low, rocky islands, more or less covered with pines, and passed through Plummer's Sound, which forms a fine harbor about six miles long. It is shut in by a range of islands that are famous for shipwrecks.

Next Jonesport, about thirty miles from Bar Harbor, comes in view, with the waters of Moose-A-Beck Reach; Mark Island lying out at the entrance. Jonesport is pleasantly situated. A few houses are scattered near the shore, and further on is a small village. It was from this place that the colonists went forth to settle at Joppa. It does not look like a place capable of producing romantic visionaries like those who undertook to revolutionize Palestine. Opposite lie numerous small islands with a few poor cottages. Jonesport is noted for its fine trout fishing. It has a new hotel, and will ere long become a popular resort. Next the mouth of Englishman's Bay is passed, with Shorey's Island. In the distance, at sea, Pulpit or Split Rock appears, a little to the right of which is the saddle-shaped island known as the Brothers. Next is Green Island, curiously formed, and surmounted by

conical-shaped hills. A large flock of gulls was resting on the nearest. Other islands constantly rise up as we pass. Among them is Libbey's Island with its lighthouse, Pettigrew's, Cross Island with its deer and cave containing buried gold which unfortunately no one can find, and Stone's and Brown's Island. On Stone's was a fish-hawks' nest in the top of a dead tree. Passing these, Yellow Head is next seen standing at the west entrance of Machias Bay, with Chauncey's Island on the east. Buck's Harbor is a snug little place near Yellow Head. Numerous other islands are sprinkled about, adding to the beauty of the bay.

Here again we were on historic ground, and were reminded of the celebrated fight off Machias. One of the natives, who knew every inch of land and water in this vicinity, but unfortunately was not posted in history, undertook to tell me how it was.

"You see," said he, "when they found out what the British were about, they just filled the hold of the sloop with men armed with pitchforks and pikes, covered the deck with sheep, and then sailed down the harbor. When they got alongside the British they asked them if they wanted to trade, and when they said they did, the men rushed up out of the hold and took the British in a minute." This was making tolerably short work of it.

From Machias, which bears numerous scars of war, we proceeded twenty-six miles overland to Lubec by

stage. This is the nearest point of departure for Grand Menan. The road thither is pleasant, and, on approaching the end, the island lying out against the horizon presented a long, level, purple wall. Of Lubec not much can be said. There are some mines of silver and lead near, and it is not without attractions as a fishing village; yet, on the whole, we concluded that it was a good place to get away from. This, however, is not such an easy matter, if one's course lies towards the sea. The steamer which runs from Boston to Eastport will connect the tourist with the packet sailing weekly from the latter place to Grand Menan, usually leaving on Saturday and returning to Eastport the following Wednesday. But of the packet we could learn nothing. They did not know whether she had dropped down from Eastport (three miles above) or not. In fact, while it was utterly impossible for a tom-cod to pass the docks night or day without being seen and caught, the good people knew no more of the packet than some of the revenue officers here know (perhaps) about smuggling. The sum of the whole matter was, that, if I wished to go to Menan, I had better hire a boat. I thought so too, on the whole, as the weather was fine and the breeze fresh and fair. The fishermen with whom I spoke seemed to think this a happy decision; and now who should have the job? I finally bargained with a good honest fellow for a five-ton herring boat and a crew of two men. We (that is, Ama-

rinta and I) then hurried on board with our baggage. The skipper brought down a compass, some hard bread, and a jug of water, and at once we were sweeping down the harbor past Campo Bello, favored by wind and tide.

Being now fairly on the way, there was an opportunity to count up the difficulties of the voyage. The distance from West Quoddy Head to Menan is only about nine miles, yet sometimes it takes a week to get across. Fogs, calms, tides and adverse gales combine to stop the passage of a sailing vessel. Pintor, who with his brother artist preceded us, said that they had a hard time of it. Losing the packet, they chartered a fishing boat at Eastport, but got no farther than the east side of Campo Bello, when the fog forced them to take shelter in a fisherman's hut in a cove, for two days and nights. Finally a fishing vessel bound to Menan came into the cove, and, the weather opportunely clearing, they engaged passage and embarked. After beating about the Bay of Fundy all night, they were landed on the east side of Menan in the morning.

For ourselves we happily escaped all this, and so may others, if they carefully lay their plans. Instead of being two days, we made the trip in little more than two hours, as our little craft, under a heavy load of canvas, swept over the wave, like a gull on the wing.

As we advanced, Menan gradually rose above the

waves and changed its aspect, the flat-topped purple wall being transmuted into brown, rugged, perpendicular cliffs, crowned with dark green foliage. Passing as we did close in by the extreme northern point, we were impressed by its beauty and grandeur, which far exceeds even that of the cliffs at Mount Desert. Then came the Bishop's Head, presenting the rude outline of what appears like a tonsured monk sitting in a chair. It is not so definite in its outline as the Friar's Head at Campo Bello, yet, taken altogether, it surpasses it by far. A little further on is Eel Brook Cove, with its fine rocky cliffs. At this place the ship Lord Ashburton was wrecked. Several of the crew were saved, yet the marvel is how they got up the steep rocks. In the graveyard near Flagg's Cove, the bodies of twenty-one of the unfortunates lie side by side.

In a few minutes we dashed gaily into Whale Cove, a broad bay in the form of a horse-shoe, indenting the northern end of the island. Here the view is surprisingly fine, the entire shore being circled by immense cliffs that rise up around the border of the blue waves, with a richness of color and stateliness of aspect that cannot fail to impress the beholder.

But we had no time now to stay and study the cliffs in detail, as our destination was Flagg's Cove, and we were in doubt about its precise locality. We accordingly ran down to a fishing boat, and, on inquiry, learned that the cove in question made in

on the eastern side of the island, extending to within a quarter of a mile of Whale Cove. Our skipper had contracted to carry us to the former place, but as the night was coming on, and he was anxious to get the breeze home again, we released him from the bargain and were put ashore. On the whole it was best, and persons coming as we did, will generally do well to land here; that is, of course, if the surf should not prove high. The northerly gales, it will be remembered, drive directly upon the land.

Our craft was brought to close by the shore, and we reached the beach in a dory. Some fishermen were dressing hake near their boat-houses, and two or three small boys were at play. Our arrival attracted the latter, who at once came down to us. As I jumped upon the soil of the Dominion, I addressed one of the brightest of them, saying that I supposed he was one of Victoria's boys. To this he snarled a most emphatic "No." I told him that he need not feel ashamed of so sweet a lady and so good a Queen; yet for all that he said nay. It was the blood of Cape Cod and Cape Ann that colored his freckled face; the same that coursed in the veins of the old privateersmen. What saith the poet? *Cælum non animum mutant, qui trans mare currunt*, which means that the Marbleheader may change skies and fishing grounds, but not his inveterate Yankee notions. Still we are supposed here to be under the protection of Her Majesty's Flag, and so, God save

the Queen. To which Amarinta, stepping ashore, says, Amen, preferring the reign of Victoria much before that of Neptune.

Next we arranged with the fishermen to carry our baggage across to Flagg's Cove, as soon as they had pickled their last hake, then bade our trusty skipper good-by, and started on ahead through a lane, passing a couple of fishermen's cottages, the graves of the Ashbarton's crew, the school-house with a belfry and rat-tail spire, and the bulging sides of the new town hall, to which the scarcity of the public funds cruelly denies a roof. In due time I found the house to which I had been recommended by an artist of New York, who had spent three summers here, and which others may also readily find without any public mention of names. Leaving wave-tossed Amarinta to recover from the lunging of the great herring-boat, let us take a glance at the earlier days of Grand Menan.

Menan is an Indian word signifying an island. The Passamaquoddy Indians, in response to my inquiries when at their village, gave me several words of a similar sound, which all have the same signification. The island first appears in the voyage of Champlain in 1605. He speaks of it as the island called by the savages *Manthane*. He is careless in the spelling of this and many other proper names. In another instance he calls it *Manasne*. He anchored once near its southern head. Down to the period of the Revolution, it appears to have been inhabited only

by the Indians. A farmer near Eel Brook gave me a stone chisel that belonged to the aborigines. It was ploughed up in a field. During the Revolution the Indians who resorted hither were allied to the American cause. Colonel John Allan, who in 1777 conducted operations in Eastern Maine, appears to have had more or less connection with them. He speaks in his journal of sending off Indians to this place, and also of issuing orders for their return. In December, he sent Ensign Smith to Grand Menan, but it was the old story, "not being able from bad weather to proceed." If any white men settled here prior to the declaration of peace, there is no record of the fact accessible.

According to the best authority to be had just now, one of the earliest settlers on the island was Moses Gerrish, of Massachusetts, who adhered to the King when the Revolution broke out, and was attached to the commissary department of the royal army. After the peace, in connection with Thomas Ross and John Jones, he obtained license of occupation of this island, together with New Brunswick and its dependencies; and, on condition of obtaining forty settlers, a school-master and clergyman, within seven years of the date of the license, they were to have a grant of the whole from the Crown. They sold lots in anticipation of the title, but in the end failed to get the grant. Jones returned to the United States, and Gerrish and Ross remained. Gerrish, according to Sabine, who gives

these facts, possessed some ability. He was described by one individual as a man who "would spread more good sense on a sheet of paper" than any person of his acquaintance. Still he was not very persistent, and never amassed any property. He was always *going* to do something. He was a magistrate at Menan at the time of his death, which took place in 1830, in the eightieth year of his age.

The first habitations were very rude, but the people have continued to improve the character of their dwellings, until they compare very favorably with structures of a corresponding character on the coast of Maine.

The island itself is about twenty-two miles long and from three to six miles wide. It lies in the mouth of the Bay of Fundy, anciently called Frenchman's Bay. The furious tide for which this bay is distinguished, sweeps by the shores with great force, rising eighteen feet on the west side and seventeen on the east.

The highest part of the island is at its northern end, where the cliffs rise four hundred feet, gradually sloping as they extend southward, where, at the terminus, they are three hundred feet high. The land also descends eastward until in the middle portions it sinks under the sea. If the water among the islands on the south side were filled up, Grand Menan would form a triangular-shaped body of land; but then the east coast would be as destitute of harbors as the west. As it remains, the eastern shore affords many

facilities to the shipping. There are no cliffs on this side, except at the northern end, and in one or two places towards the south. The villages and roads are, of course, confined to the east side. Only a few narrow cart-tracks extend to the west side, which is generally reached by going through the woods on foot.

At the present time the inhabitants number about eighteen hundred. There are not less than four hundred dwelling-houses and five hundred buildings of all other kinds. There are five societies of Baptists, and a Church of England Parish. This is at Grand Harbor. The schools at present number only three, though, according to a legal provision, they may have seven. The inhabitants maintain a military organization. The only taxes paid are for the county and the poor. These are moderate. They hold public meetings, and make their own local laws without let or hindrance, and vote for whomsoever they please to represent them in Parliament. The government is liberal every way, appropriating a certain sum annually for the repair of roads, and selling the public lands to any one who will buy them at a low figure and pay the price by building a road to his own door. It would do some of our blatant Republican friends who indulge in so much spread-eagleism on the Fourth of July, to come down to Grand Menan and view these institutions for themselves. On the other hand, certain of the grumbling Menauites would do

well to throw their nets for a season in the waters of Massachusetts Bay, where the Cape Codder is taxed thirty dollars in the thousand to keep his sandy roads from being devoured by the wind, and where the State and National dues make men sick even to think of them. Happy Menanites, who, free from grinding taxation, now rove out from rock-bound coves, and quarry at will in the silvery mines of the sea!

But this is not all. Trade is absolutely *free*. Here no smuggler waits the favorable tide, or the oblivious fog, to run his contraband canoe into solitary nooks and creeks, as at Campo Bello and Lubec. No descendant of Matthew the Publican sits at the receipt of Customs to ask the nature of his freight. This port is open to every market of the world. From silk to nutmeg all is free. Dainty damsels can buy their kids at prices fabulously low, while some besides Dives know that purple and fine linen may be economically worn. But, speaking of kids, they are not much needed here. Buckskin, for the hands, is better, while among the cliffs the feet should be ironshod.

The great attraction of Grand Menan, is the cliffs. Of mountains there are none. The place is altogether unlike Mount Desert. As has already been said, when seen from the main, it appears perfectly flat. Not a hummock breaks the entire line of wall. Among these cliffs we daily went a "cruising," as our landlady termed it, in the vernacular of the place.

An ordinary cliff is a fine thing. To see the living rock that has been rent in twain by convulsions, lifting high up its scarred front, maintaining an immovable calm both in sunshine and storm, is always impressive; but when the cliff is brought out on such a stupendous scale as at Grand Menan, with all the accessories of a wild ocean shore, the interest becomes absorbing. The other parts of the island are of course invested with much interest. The low eastern shore, fringed with small islands and rocks, affords many beautiful sights. In a pleasant day, a walk southward has many charms. The bright sky, the shingle beach, the picturesque boats, and blue landlocked bays continually enforce the admiration of an artistic eye, and allure the pedestrian on past cape, cove and reach, until he suddenly finds that miles of ground intervene between him and his dinner.

But whoever comes here will desire to traverse the entire island and visit the regions around the southern head. Starting from Flagg's Cove, the first four miles carry us over a hard road, as good as the drives in an ordinary park, which skirts the shores of Long Island Bay, and leaving us at Woodward's Cove. Besides the village meeting house, a second is passed during this stage of the journey, in addition to a small chapel; for whatever else there may be wanting here, there is no lack of ecclesiastical establishments. At the cove there is a post office and various herring establishments, as well as a collection of dwellings. Three

miles farther on is Grand Cove, a spacious but shallow harbor. Here is the English Church, a plain structure of stone, with no special attractions of any sort to render it interesting. Ritualism has never invaded its walls, and a good portion of one end is filled up by an enormous pulpit and reading desk of a pattern suggestive of Noah's Ark. Opposite the church is the school-house. I stopped here when riding down the island and picked up a supply of ammunition to salute the village curs that snapped at our nag's heels; and at the same time stopped at the school-room to make some inquiries about the route. The pedagogue was within, seated upon his throne, instructing the young idea how to shoot, surrounded by about twenty unkempt boys. We were invited to walk in and view the school; but as we had a long ride before us we thanked the master and declined the invitation for the time. We then left the line of the shore altogether, and struck through a new road, running over a piece of marshy land covered with young trees, and continued until we reached Seal Cove, which is five miles farther on the way. Here a brook empties into a wee harbor, the mouth of which is nearly closed up by a wharf. Small vessels, however, manage to squeeze in, and lie in safety. From thence for some distance the road is quite hilly. On its most elevated part was another Baptist meeting house. It being an unusually warm day for Grand Menan, a flock of sheep had assembled in its shade. They found it

grateful. Farther on we had a view of the ocean and the neighboring isles, while at the same time the woods retreated and left an open down sprinkled with sheep. The prospect here reminded me of some lines from Dyer :

“Such are the downs of Banstead, edg'd with woods,
And tow'ry villas; such Dorcestrian fields,
Whose flocks innum'rous whiten all the land;
Such those slow climbing wilds, that lead the step
Insensibly to Dover's windy cliff.
Tremendous height! and such the clovered lawns
And sunny mounts of beauteous Normanton.”

Crossing this place we descended when the road again returned to the line of the shore, which here holds up to the sea a high perpendicular wall. At the end of fourteen miles from Flagg's Cove, we reached the house of Mr. Walter B. McLaughlin, a son of an old Waterloo veteran, and one of the live men of Menan. Here, like Goldsmith's broken soldier, we were “kindly bade to stay,” and accepted an invitation to pass the night.

Mr. McLaughlin is the keeper of the famous Gannet Rock Lighthouse, and holds other appointments under the Dominion. Thoroughly true to Her Majesty, the Queen, he is at the same time heartily in sympathy with the loyal people of the United States, and intelligently follows them in all their conflicts. The lighthouse of which he has the charge may be seen in clear weather, a mere speck out at sea. It stands upon a small rock, just large enough to receive the

establishment, which combines beacon and dwelling in one. Access to the rock can be had only in calm weather, consequently in the winter season, in company with his family, he is a fast prisoner, not having so much as a foot of ground to walk on, and the waves ever thundering against the wall. It being fine weather, I chanced to find him ashore, directing his haying, and obtained some of the local statistics. The situation of his *land* home is extremely fine, as the breakers dash continually against the rocks only a few yards from the door.

Two miles further south is Deep Cove, where a brawling, dark-brown brook comes out through an opening in a sea-wall thrown up by the waves across its mouth. From this point the road goes on but a short distance before it terminates. The pedestrian must then push on through paths for the rest of the distance to the Southern Head. Here he will come upon the cliffs, and find the rocks thrown up in the wildest confusion. Pintor and his friend found much sameness in them as rock studies. One of the most remarkable objects here is an isolated rock, or drong, resembling the figure of a colossal woman. It is known as the Old Maid, and is found on the west side of the head. It excites more admiration than the general class known by the name. It has no tongue. The other principal point of interest found in this vicinity is Bradford's Cove. It is reached by a path through the woods. In an easterly gale it is a place

of safety, yet at the time of our visit the masts of a lost ship, the Mavoureen, were seen rising just above the top of the waves. Around the cliffs of the Southern Head is a favorite nesting place for the gulls, which lay their gray eggs, splashed with brown, in rude nests, contrived with little care among the grass. They are also found in one or two of the islands near by. The Indians take the young gulls and carry them away. I saw several of them at Pleasant Point that had been thus torn from the parental nest at Grand Menan. They were tamer than chickens, and were being fattened on porpoise for some future feast.

Audubon visited Grand Menan in May, 1833, and landed at White Head Island, the property of Mr. Frankland, where he inspected the herring gulls, then breeding in great numbers. His account of these birds is of much interest. He says: "We immediately set out in search of them, directing our course toward the pine wood, in which we were informed we should find them. As we came up to the place I observed that many of the gulls had alighted on the fir trees, while a vast number were sailing around, and when we advanced, the former took to wing, abandoning their nests and all flew about uttering incessant cries. I was greatly surprised to see the nests placed on branches, some near the top, others about the middle or on the lower parts of the trees, while at the same time there were many on the ground. It is true I had been informed of this by our captain, but

I had almost believed that on arriving at the spot I should find the birds not to be gulls. My doubts, however, were now dispelled, and I was delighted to see how nature had provided them with the means of securing their eggs from their arch-enemy, man. My delight was greatly increased on being afterwards informed by Mr. Frankland that the strange habit in question had been acquired by the gulls within his recollection; for, said he, 'when I first came here, many years ago, they all built their nests on the moss and in open ground; but as my sons and the fishermen collected most of their eggs for winter use, and sadly annoyed the poor things, the old ones gradually began to put up their nests on the trees in the thickest part of the woods. The youngest birds, however, still have some on the ground, and on the whole are becoming less wild since I have forbidden strangers to rob their nests; for, gentlemen, you are the only persons out of my family that have fired a gun on White Head Island for several years past.' I was much pleased with the humanity of our host, and requested him to let me know when all the gulls, or the greater part of them would abandon the trees and resume their former mode of breeding on the ground, which he promised to do. But I afterwards found that this was not likely to happen, because on some other islands not distant, to which the fishermen and eggers have free access, these gulls breed altogether on the trees, even when their eggs and young are

regularly renewed every year, so that their original habits have been entirely given up. Some of the nests which I saw were placed at the height of more than forty feet on the trees; others, seen in the thickest part of the woods, were eight or ten feet from the ground, and were placed close to the main stem, so as to be with difficulty observed. It was truly curious to see the broad-winged birds make their way to and from them in these secluded retreats. The nests placed on the ground were several yards apart, and measured from fifteen to eighteen inches in diameter, their cavity being from four to six. The lower stratum consisted of grass, plants of various kinds, moss and grey lichens, and the whole was lined with fine bent, but without any feathers. Those on the trees measured from twenty-four to twenty-six inches in diameter externally, and were composed of the same material, but in greater quantity, the object of which I thought might be to allow more space to the young while growing, as they could enjoy the pleasure of running about like those hatched on the ground. Perhaps, however, the smaller size of the nests placed there may be owing to their belonging to the younger gulls, as I have often observed that the older the individual the larger is the nest. About the beginning of May the Herring gulls collect into great flocks for the purpose of reproducing, and betake themselves to the large sand-bars or mud-flats at low water. With the aid of a glass you may see them going through their

courtships; the males swell their throats, walk proudly about, throw their heads upwards, and emit their love notes. These general meetings take place at all hours of the day according to the state of the tide, and continue for about a fortnight, when they all depart and betake themselves to the island where they breed."

Leaving this part of Grand Menan with many regrets, we returned to Flagg's Cove to examine that region with more care.

One day, when an easterly gale was blowing, Pintor and I improved the occasion to walk around Sprague's Cove and Swallow Tail Light. Three fourths of a mile northward brought us to the cliffs south of the cove, and following these we reached the shore of the place in question. All the way along they are grandly shattered and wave-worn, presenting perfect pictures at every step. The sight of harebells and wild roses drenched by the salt spray, and still holding on against the gale in some crevice half way down the cliff, taught a lesson of confidence.

Sprague's Cove itself presents the most complete view of a fishing hamlet that I have anywhere found. Everything likewise appears to have been arranged for artistic effect. The old boats, the tumble-down store-houses, the picturesque costumes, the breaking surf, and all the miscellaneous paraphernalia of such a place, set off as they are by the noble back-ground of richly-colored cliffs, produce an effect that is as rare as beautiful. Certainly no artist should under-

take to depict scenes of this character before he has studied Sprague's Cove. We viewed it in all its aspects on this stormy day, noted the best points to sketch from the coming summer; and then began to climb the south side of Swallow Tail Head, which here spreads out eastward into the sea, taking the form of the caudal appendage belonging to the said bird. The tide being down, we first passed through a huge passage eaten out of a projecting bastion of the cliff. Afterwards we climbed straight up over the fallen rocks. When half way up we looked back and saw in the face of the cliff through which we had passed, a striking profile that bore so strong a resemblance to the face of Washington that we knew Victoria would not object for a moment to our naming it "Washington's Cliff." This we did, and so, gentle reader, when you go to Sprague's Cove next summer, please use your (potent) influence to help make the name stick.

Nearing the top of the cliff, we began to understand how one or two men of the Ashburton's crew got up Eel Brook rocks; for, when within a few feet of the top, the force of the gale well nigh lifted us up, without any effort on our part. Once on the top, we walked along on the greensward out towards the light-house, breasting the heavy gale. The point upon which it stands is separated from the rest of the head by a horrid chasm, crossed by a narrow bridge. There is first a steep descent, before the bridge can

he reached. To make this safe, an anchor with a rope attached is planted in the ground at the top. Holding firmly to this, we cautiously went down and crossed the bridge, all the while with the gale tugging at our legs and trying to carry them off. Passing the lighthouse and climbing out to the extremity of the rocks, Pintor inserted himself in a crevice, like a hermit-crab in his shell, and made several pencil sketches, one of which was a fishing schooner under double reefs, beating around into the cove. The skipper's quick eye detected us in our hiding-places, as his vessel passed under the cliffs, pitching like a porpoise, and held on to the main shrouds while he swung his "sou'wester" for a salute. In the evening he came ashore to our cottage, and regaled us with the account of the wonderful "sea-serpent," which had just been captured (by the newspapers) at Lake Utopia, together with the account of the serpent at Eagle Lake in Mount Desert, which has already been referred to. In the midst of this gale a fishing vessel was out all day on the "Ripplings," a dangerous place several miles at sea, where they seined forty barrels of herring. Such facts tell us something of the great courage and uncompromising perseverance of these fishermen, who constantly brave danger in every form.

Leavitt, in one of his poems, gives us an admirable picture of the scene at Swallow-Tail Light in a stormy day:

"The picture view! what wild sublimity!
Omnipotence has waked and hurl'd the storm,
Tossing the deep to tumult. Round that tower,
Rising defiant on its ocean-rock,
Dashes the maniac wave, whose flying spray
Hung high in air, before the tempest streams,
While seabirds circle on exultant wing,
Silent and calm, above the roar and foam .
Of battling elements."

Another point at this end of the island that will bear repeated visits is Whale Cove, where we first landed. The shingle beach extends entirely across the bottom of the cove, and is very high and broad. Originally the water extended nearly, if not quite through, to Flagg's Cove, where the ground is now occupied by a meadow. But the waves, in their haste to swallow up the land, quite defeated themselves, and in their fury threw up a barrier which they could not overpass; thus illustrating the habits of those men who always stand in the way of their own advancement.

On this beach are found some extremely fine pebbles of porphyry, jasper, and agate, besides other minerals that the collectors will be glad to bring away. In clear calm weather this place has a wonderful attraction. On the east side is Fish Head, and on the west Eel Brook and Northern Head, the latter extending out beyond its neighbor, and between are the blue sky and water. At low tide, the uncovered beach allows the rambler to stray as far as Eel Cove, but it is idle to attempt to go farther, without ascend-

ing the cliffs and following along the escarpment Starting from Whale Cove, we found the line of cliffs continually rising. Its geological character is also variable. A large portion of the rock shows signs of stratification, but there are also immense masses of trap-rock, a great deal of which takes the basaltic character of Giant's Causeway, the regularly-formed columns standing closely packed. Among the trap-rock we found small specimens of native copper. Masses of this material, of a dozen pounds weight, have been found in the fields above the shore. One of the natives, who saw us hammering among the rocks, seemed to think that we were speculators spying out the land. He accordingly took an ax, came after us, and rendered good service in splitting open the trap. If anything was going on, he evidently wanted to have a hand in it, and to share the prize. Eventually he concluded that we knew no more about what was to be found in the rocks than he did. Assured of this, he returned to swing a scythe in a neighboring field.

On one of those extremely foggy days, such as occur here too often, Pintor and I took a long ramble under the cliffs among the slippery rocks that lie at their base, and found it a fatiguing work, though we thought it *paid*. This time we had none of those

"Blue-hayred defs
That drearie hang o'er Dover's emblaunched clefs,"

but the genuine Menan fog, direct from the Grand Bank. It was so dense as to be perfectly oppressive, while the line of vision was bounded by the escarpment of the cliffs and the breaking surf close by on the shore. We could not see the ocean, yet from out an impenetrable veil it launched its booming thunder, rolling sullenly against these long adamantine walls, and filling us at times with a kind of indefinable dread and awe. Still, we knew the ways of the tide, and felt confident that there was no danger to be apprehended from the "bore," which, higher up the Bay of Fundy, puts men on the seashore in peril of their lives. Therefore, we scrambled on among the rocks and heaps of drift-wood, of which there is enough on every beach to gladden the hearts of all the poor widows in New York. As we passed along, we noted the place where two waterfalls ordinarily belong. Only *one* was now to be seen coming down the cliff, reduced almost to a thread, and spinning itself into a veil of airy lace before reaching the bottom. I consoled myself for the failure of the water with a reflection of Dr. Johnson at the empty Fall of Tiers—Nature never gives everything at once. Here we turned and pursued the homeward way, leaving the cliffs behind us like grand melancholy ghosts, doomed to haunt the fog forever.

It was a far different day that we dedicated to Indian Beach, on the west side of the island, and the resort of the Passamaquoddy Indians. It is full four

miles from Flagg's Cove, and in going thither it will not prove amiss to take a boat at Whale Cove and sail around, on account of the difficulty of the walk. Amarinta, Pintor and I took a wagon as far as the head of Eel Brook, where the road running across the island ends. The rest of the journey was done on foot. From the end of the road we moved westward and crossed Eel Brook, a stream that runs from its source in a little lake near by, to the cove, where it is lost in the sea. At the brook is a little mill, one of eleven that in the wet season do the sawing of Menan. The rest of the way to the shore lies through a wood-path, where we found several of the bark lodges that form the winter camps of the Indian hunter. There is still considerable game here, though for the past three years the hunting of deer has been strictly prohibited. But Indians, and certain of the inhabitants, have no regard for the law. There is quite a large number of deer on the island. Our landlady told us that the previous summer she suddenly came face to face with one of these antlered beauties, who, after looking at her until he was thoroughly satisfied, turned and capered away into the woods. Mr. Gerrish, the old settler already alluded to, brought a pair of moose to the island and dismissed them to the woods. In course of time they multiplied to such an extent that moose were quite plenty. In 1818 no less than a dozen were killed. They have now become extinct.

Notwithstanding the distance from the mainland, the deer occasionally swim across to find a refuge from the dogs, who are feared more than the surging sea. Of the fact itself there can be no doubt. If Leander swam the Hellespont for his love, what may not a powerful deer do for his life? Still, it is after all difficult to conceive of the exact mental state of an animal that plunges into the surf at West Quoddy, and breasts the furious tide to reach the low purple wall that he discovers nine miles over the waves. How does he know that there is land there? He may scent it, but do not conclude that he knows it, though his eye may be more telescopic than ours. This perhaps is the solution: as a drowning man catches at a straw, so a hotly-pressed buck, hearing the panting of the hound, accepts what resembles the Highlands of Neversink as a sanctuary. He is a quick-witted, sensible creature, and when he sees that he has but one chance, he takes that one chance, and makes the most of it. The crew of the Revenue Cutter lately caught a noble fellow in this identical mood, when he was about half-way over, and hauled him on board. I did not hear the sequel; but let us picture the jolly tars as endowed with their traditional generosity, which leads them to admire courage in misfortune, and not less kind than the sea. As for the Indians, they have as little regard for mercy as for law; and, statute or no statute, they will have the venison and pelt. In these little lodges that

we were just speaking of, they crouch around the fire kindled in the middle on the ground, and doom the gentle fawns to death. We looked into several and found the forked sticks that serve as pot-hooks still suspended from above. The coming winter they will doubtless return, and then more than one desperate buck will take his death-leap down the cliffs of Grand Menan.

Passing these lodges, the path eventually ends in the open fields near the cliffs, and here is a most convenient break, where we descended to the beach. This place is known as Long's Eddy, as the tide sees fit, on reaching this part of the coast, to imitate the playfulness of a kitten chasing her tail. Here, too, the herring sports in search of smaller fry, which become his prey. But the herring, in turn, becomes the prey of the porpoise, and the porpoise the prey of the Indian, and the Indian the prey of the oil factor. Where the law of retribution ends I cannot say, but sometimes it certainly reaches the dupes in the grease department of Wall Street.

From this point the way was open northward along the beach to the fine crags of Bishop's Head. Close by, a shingle beach projects like a flattened V, leaving behind it, at the foot of the cliffs, a small lake, on the border of which, within the reach of the salt spray, were several flourishing firs. It was very trustful in the trees to grow here.

Opposite, towards the mainland, we saw where the

Fenians, during their invasion, sunk a vessel; and looking southward along the coast, a white beach glimmered in the afternoon sun. We judged it a mile and a half distant, and set out to walk there, as the tide was now far enough down. The first half of the distance was easily accomplished, as there is a broad strip of beach covered with small stones, but the rest of the distance is extremely hard. As we were plodding along, a whale—

“ Leviathan, which God of all His works
Created hugest that swim the ocean stream,”

vouchsafed to pay his respects, rearing his dark sides above the waves with infinite ease and grace.

Nearing our destination, the difficulties of the route increased, as the shore was piled with boulders varying in size from a barrel to a small cottage, many of which were moist and slippery. It was a severe trial for Amarinta, and our slow progress enabled Pintor, who was more nimble of foot, to stop occasionally and sketch the forms of the rocks, which are magnificently colored, and great treasures for a sea-side painter.

Finally every difficulty was passed, and we stepped upon the smooth shore of Indian Beach. Here are the lodges of the Indians, built chiefly of bark, and kept in place by large stones laid on the roofs and against the sides. It was a windy afternoon and unfit for porpoise hunting.

It has been already stated that these Indians belong

to the Passamaquoddy tribe about whom some facts may not prove unacceptable. Father Vetromile says that the name is a corruption of Peskamaquontik, from the name Peskadaminkkanti, *it goes up into the open field*, and not from the word Quoddy, *haddock*, as commonly supposed. Their ancient village was on the British territory now occupied by St. Andrews. They lost their lands, and for some time led a roving life, but finally land was granted them at *Sybaik*, Pleasant Point, Maine. This is about five miles above Eastport, though a small company afterward fixed their abode at Lewis' Island. The latter belong to the so-called "New Party," which sprang into existence during a controversy about their governor or chief. They number about four hundred and forty, and draw an annuity from the government. Their houses are comfortably built, though not in all cases neatly kept. At the time I visited their village the house of the governor was undergoing repairs, and the Indians had also completed a "hall," which they use for dancing, an amusement of which they are immoderately fond, and in which both grown persons and children indulge until the small hours come, animated by a fiddle or fife.

The school, supported by the Board of Education, numbers about thirty-five scholars, but when I looked into the school-house there were only five or six present. The master apologized for the thin attendance, saying that they all went to the dance the previous

night. It is impossible to put them under any set discipline. About eleven o'clock, the scholars, many of whom are twenty years old, began to come in one by one, looking tired and sleepy. They study little, but make up for their lack of industry by giggling. It is impossible to force them. Yet some are quite proficient, and the master called upon one bright looking little girl, whose English name was Mary, to spell some words in her Primer for the edification of Amarinta and myself. But Mary was unused to strangers, and on being urged gently she hid her face in her hands and burst into tears. We were quite sorry for being the cause of grief, and tried all manner of blandishments to win her confidence, including a lavish outlay of small coin; yet while prudently holding on to the cash with one hand she covered her face with the other, and was inconsolable. We gave it up at last and went to look into the church, dedicated to St. Anne. It is neat in its appearance, though profusely adorned with meretricious prints, such as find their way into the poorer class of Roman churches. Attached is a house for the priest. The Indians are, of course, devout Romanists, and several of their number have been made deacons; an office which they support in accordance with the Indian ideas of dignity and decorum. Their burying ground on the hill-side at Pleasant Point, presents those picturesque features which ordinarily belong to the aborigines who hold the Roman faith. Each

grave is housed with wood, and huge crosses lift themselves up from afar. The branch which settled at Lewis' Island also have a church dedicated to St. Anne.

At all seasons of the year the people are more or less scattered, being engaged in hunting, fishing and basket-making. In the latter employment they do not excel. The Indian blood is by no means pure, being much corrupted by an infusion of French. But their faces are well bronzed, and the most of them are sufficiently savage in their aspect. But let us return to Menan.

Here on the beach we found quite a colony. A part of them spoke English. Their canoes, finely built, and worth from twenty-five to fifty dollars apiece, were drawn up in a row on the sand. Some of the men were trying out porpoise oil, and others were making or repairing the various implements of their craft; while several children were playing with dogs. It was a novel scene, indeed, with the noble back-ground of cliffs crowned with dark green foliage. Pintor accordingly pulled out his sketch book, and rapidly transferred the picture to its pages, a knot of these savages all the while looking over his shoulder, and expressing their admiration or surprise with a grunt. For myself I made inquiries about the porpoises and the mode of catching them, while Amantina spake with the women concerning baskets.

Their custom is to shoot them with a rifle, and,

before they have time to sink, paddle up and make fast with a lance, when the creature is dead taking him into the canoe. I afterwards saw them at their work. One Indian sat at the stern of the canoe, using his paddle as easily as a fish does his fins, and another, rifle in hand, stood at the bow. And who is this dark complexioned, small bodied, but firmly knit Indian, with an eye like a snake, stealthily searching the waves for his prey and clutching his rifle with such a significant grasp? I *thought* I had seen him before. This is the Reverend Tomma Denni, Deacon of the Holy Roman Catholic Church. If he could scent a heresy as he tracks a porpoise, he would answer as an examiner of the Inquisition. Pity the porpoise upon whom he "draws a bead," for he is as good as in the try-pot. The Reverend Tomma fishes for both porpoises and men.

Some distance south is Dark Cove, a place marked by many romantic features. The harbor, formed by the sea wall, is about a mile long, and half a mile wide. In 1846 a channel was cut, when the sea rushed in with a loud roar and raised the level of the water eight feet, giving, ordinarily, a depth of from five to nine fathoms. On the landward side of the harbor is a clearing of fifty acres. In 1852 one John Sinclair had been living in this lonely spot for quarter of a century. Vessels can enter the harbor at about two hours from high water. Here they lie in perfect safety. This is a lumbering station, and has

few residents, except at the busy season of the year. The path thither lies through the woods, and, nearer at hand, is Money Cove, where search has been made for the treasures of the inevitable Kidd, who was sacrificed by the politicians to save the reputation of Lord Somers and the Earl of Bellomont, and whom popular tradition wrongly represents as a common, blood-thirsty pirate. The old song does not even give Kidd's *name* correctly, (much less any true idea of his character), making him say—

“ My name was *Robert Kidd*, as I sailed,”

instead of William.

At this place a brook flows down between two cliffs, and a couple of old wells are thought to belong to some ancient French settlers.

It was impossible to visit these places now, and therefore we cast about us to devise our return. At this juncture a lucky thought occurred to Amarinta. The Indians should carry us back to Long's Eddy in a canoe. It would save that climb among the rocks, and be so romantic. A bargain was therefore struck on the spot, two Indians then carried down a canoe, Pintor put his sketch-book in his pocket, and we all carefully got aboard, stowing ourselves away at the bottom. One of our copper-colored brethren sat in the bows and braced up the mast which had a large spritsail attached, while the other steered and held the sheet in his hand. A fresh breeze was now blow-

ing along the shore, and no sooner was the canoe free from the beach than it flew away before the wind like an arrow. This was really more like sailing than anything I had ever experienced before in my life, and we glided almost noiselessly for a mile and a half, with nothing but a thin piece of birch-bark between us and the deep Bay of Fundy. The cliffs went past as the railway stations flit by an express train, and before we were aware of the fact the canoe safely touched the shore at Long's Eddy.

As a place of summer resort, Grand Menan is in some respects unequalled. At certain seasons the fog is abundant, yet that can be endured. Here the opportunities for recreation are unlimited, and all persons fond of grand seashore views may indulge their taste without limit.

The people are invariably kind and trustworthy, and American manners and habits prevail to such an extent that travellers at once feel at home. They generally take a lively interest in American affairs, and are well informed on the principal political questions. During the late Rebellion many "skedadlers," as the Menanites call them, took refuge here, generally coming over in stolen boats. They were not highly respected, and the general opinion is that they stole about as many boats when they left as when they came.

This will never become a fashionable resort. The magnificent Mrs. All-pork, of All-pork Place, would

take little comfort here. Her trains would not draggle well among the rocks, and she would ask to go home by the first boat. Yet persons of refined taste, who desire to escape from the stereotyped insipidity of the fashionable watering place, and are willing to take such fare as the island affords, may spend a pleasant month here in the summer. For a number of years it has been a favorite haunt of artists, as the walls of the Academy bear witness. The albums of the young ladies hereabouts are full of their photographs, all the prominent artists of the country being represented. As some may feel curious on the subject of expense, I may mention that six or seven dollars is the ordinary fare from Boston, and that half-a-dollar a day in gold will cover the cost of diet, such as it is.

But our sojourn in this paradise of cliffs came to an end, and we were obliged to leave. So, the reader may perhaps desire to know how we got back to the mainland. We had expected to take the Wednesday packet, but fearing that the wind might not serve, we left on the Monday previous. About nine o'clock we went down to the beach and saw a vessel sailing out of the cove, and learned that she was bound to Eastport. The wind was light, and therefore could we overtake her in a row-boat?

Then spake Goodman Stanton, a fisherman of curious genealogy, in whom Cape Cod, Cape Ann and Mount Desert were wondrously mixed up, and who often unconsciously posed for the artists visiting the

shore. We could hardly catch the vessel now from this place, but if we started off to Whale Cove, we might get aboard when she came around from Swallow Tail Head; very likely we could. And he guessed that they would stop and take us aboard.

It was a beautiful day for the voyage, and so I soon packed up, put Amarinta and the luggage into the wagon, started off old Roan limping towards the cove; and, bidding our kind landlady adieu, followed after on foot, leaving our artist-friends to bring up the rear.

Before all the party reached the shore of the cove, the breeze sprang up, and the expected vessel came in sight, passing on her way. I accordingly started a couple of fishermen in a light boat to head her off, and persuade the skipper to wait. The schooner was now a full mile from shore, but they sprang to their work and were soon half-way out, when they stopped, put their jackets on their oars, and waved them as a signal, hallooing at the same time with all their might. Of this the skipper took no notice and sailed merrily on his way. Again, therefore, they plied the oars, and at the end of another quarter of a mile stopped and went through a still more lunatic performance. This was too much for the skipper, and he accordingly hove to and waited for them to come alongside. Then we saw the boat leave them, and the schooner headed off once more on the course to Eastport. We now thought

that our embassy had failed; but it turned out that Goodman Stanton knew best; for as soon as the schooner got steerage way again, the skipper put the helm down, brought his craft to, hauled the jib-sheet to the windward, and so wore round and stood for the shore. In ten minutes more we were all on the deck of the *Flash*, an English fishing smack of thirty tons, bound for a cargo of salt. At the helm stood a middle-aged man with a curious droop about one eye, whom I took for a well-to-do factor of fish; but I (mentally) cried his mercy when I happened to discover that, instead, he was a fisher of men. Yesterday, with the form of sound words, and in some one of the ecclesiastical centres of the island, he had divided the attention of certain Menanites with a Mormon elder, who was abroad even here doing the bidding of his master at Salt Lake.

The deck was covered with barrels of herring, but we found room to bestow ourselves upon the trunks. Contrary to our expectations, the breeze held fresh, and the schooner sailed swiftly past the headlands for the east side of Campo Bello. On our way we had one of the finest exhibitions of *mirage* ever witnessed on this coast, which has already been referred to in the chapter on fog. In three hours we were at the mouth of Eastport harbor, when the favorable tide caught us and swept us swiftly up to the town.

Our trip from the Isles of Shoals to Grand Menan is now ended; but next to the satisfaction taken in

writing these notes will be the pleasure of doing it over again; for scenes like those through which we have wandered can never cloy, but will retain a perennial freshness after repeated visits and the lapse of years.





EASTERN MAINE.

CHAPTER V.

EASTPORT—CAMPO BELLO—FRIAR'S HEAD—FORT SULLIVAN
PLEASANT POINT—ST. STEPHEN'S—ST. ANDREW'S—CALAIS
ROBBINSON.

EASTPORT, situated at the extremity of Eastern Maine, may be reached by rail *via* McAdam and St. Andrew's, N. B. That is, with the exception of the few miles on Passamaquoddy Bay, which is done by the steamer.

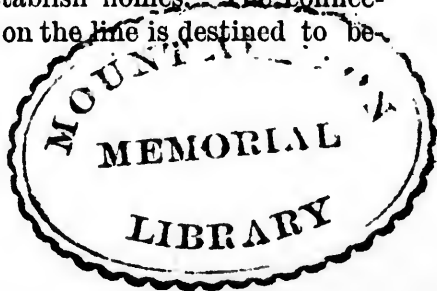
In going there by sea we have fair views of Grand Menan, and on the left is the fishing town of Lubec. The island of Campo Bello lies opposite, and as we pass its upper end it is incumbent upon us as good tourists, to do as others do, and declare that the tall rock which we see rising from the water bears a remarkable resemblance to a Friar's Head, by which name it is known.

Eastport is situated on Moose Island, and is most easily reached by the International Line of steamers, sailing direct from Boston. The entrance to the harbor is very pretty, and the scenery around the city is charming. There is a garrison of United States troops here, and a Custom House. This being the dividing line between the States and the Provinces, there will be

found the customary mingling of English and American ideas.

Eastport has about five thousand inhabitants, much fog, and a rise and fall of the tide of more than twenty feet. It is built upon the slope of the hill which is tipped by Fort Sullivan, where the stars and stripes fly. The view from the fort is well worth the climb that it costs. The fishing here is very fine, and the naturalist with his dredge also reaps rich rewards. About four miles from the town is the village of Pleasant Point, the home of the Passamaquoddy Indians. A visit to that place has already been described in the previous chapter. The women of the village are daily seen in the streets of Eastport, clad in gay costumes, engaged in basket selling.

From this place we made a delightful trip up the St. Croix to St. Andrew's, the terminus of the New Brunswick and Canada Railroad, by which one can return to Boston by land, or, diverging at McAdam, go on to St. John's. But continuing our course in the steamer, we go on to St. Stephen's, twenty-three miles above St. Andrew's, situated on the east side of the river, in New Brunswick. On the opposite side, in Maine, stands Calais, just as Robbinston stands opposite St. Andrew's. The river is here very wide. Many delightful summer resorts are opening in this vicinity, and Americans are going in on both sides of the beautiful St. Croix to establish homes. The connection with the people here on the line is destined to become very intimate.





NEW BRUNSWICK.

CHAPTER VI.

EASTPORT HARBOR—THE ISLANDS—SEA VIEWS—ST. JOHN'S HARBOR—ST. JOHN'S—HISTORY—ST. JOHN'S RIVER—FREDERICTON—WOODSTOCK—GRAND LAKE—ROUTES FROM ST. JOHN'S.



IN order to reach St. John's by water, we must take the International Steamer again at Eastport. As we pass out of the harbor by an eastern passage, we see more of the beauties of the islands and of the coast.

In passing out, the steamer runs between Campo Bello and a group of islands lying on the left. First on the left are seen Cherry and Thumb-cap Isles, which appear like two hillocks forming a part of Indian Island, from which they soon separate. Behind these is Deer Island, a large island which forms a background for some other smaller isles. Sailing on, we pass Pope's Folly (where a Royalist, in the war of 1812, established a trading-post and lost all); beyond is Sand Ledge; next is Casco-Bay Island, which forms an inclosure called Casco Bay. At low tide is seen Black Rock Ledge. Next is a dark-looking island named Spruce; back of which is a green island called Sand Island, with White Island behind it. All these

are on the left. On Campo Bello, the only noticeable thing seen when going out, is Wilson's Beach, a fishing village; after which comes the East Quoddy Light, on the end of the island. To the left, farther out, is White Horse Island, the resort of birds. In the distance it appears a smooth rock, with a green summit, rising boldly from the water.

The next prominent object is formed by the Wolf Islands, about nine miles from East Quoddy. At this point, Shamcook Mountain is seen on the left; Point Lepreau, about twenty-five miles distant, is directly ahead; while Grand Menan rises seaward on the right, and, as we proceed, opens in succession its various headlands. On the mainland, Point Lepreau gradually lifts itself up out of the sea, tipped with its lighthouse, but affording no unusual appearance. The lighthouse is colored with alternate bands of red and white, and stands upon a bold, rocky headland of red sandstone. Passing the point, we come to Plumper's Head, where the Plumper, a British man-of-war, was wrecked. Beyond, is Dipper Harbor, safe for small craft, and Chance and Musquash Harbors. Several miles beyond Plumper's Head is a lofty headland, terminating in Split Rock, ten miles from Lepreau, where a portion of the rock has been separated from the cliff. In the distance is seen Cape Mispeck. As we approach Split Rock, Musquash Point is developed on this side of the headland. Here Musquash Harbor is formed. Off in the distance, from this point may be seen the headlands at Digby, Nova Scotia. From Split Rock to Mispeck is a distance of ten miles, forming a bay leading to the mouth of the St. John's River.

Rounding Split Rock, on the left we have lines of rocky bluffs extending up the bay towards St. John's. Irishtown gives the name to the first headland, while a more prominent one is "Nigger Head." Beyond this is the island called Mahogany; and at the right, as we approach, Partridge Island appears, with its lighthouse, telegraph station and forts. In passing up to St. John's, on the left, banks of sand alternate with the rocky bluffs. Niggertown is opposite Partridge, in Carlton, where are some earthworks. At this point, if the coast of Nova Scotia looms up strongly, the pilot expects a southerly breeze. Here we come in full view of the city of St. John.

The river, which gives the city its name, was called St. John's River, by Champlain, in 1604. In 1635, the place was first settled by Charles St. Estienne, a French nobleman, known as Lord of Latour. He built a fort on Navy Island in the harbor. The town is built upon a high rocky peninsula, and has many steep streets descending to the docks, where the tide rises and falls about twenty-six feet. For the history of the place I quote the following :

"Latour, having been appointed Lieutenant-General, lived here for a long time with a large number of retainers and soldiers, and traded in furs with the Indians. But, having fallen into disfavor with the French King, was ordered to surrender his fort and commission; this he refused to do, and an expedition under the command of one D'Aulnay Charnissay, was sent out in 1643 to eject him. D'Aulnay blockaded the fort, but Latour, having got assistance of men and ships from Governor Winthrop of Boston, drove his

fleet back to Port Royal (now Annapolis, N. S.), where a number of his vessels were driven ashore and destroyed. Again, in 1645, D'Aulnay attacked the fort, and Latour, being absent with a number of his men, his lady took command, and defended it with so much skill and perseverance that the fleet was compelled to withdraw. Having received reinforcements, D'Aulnay shortly afterwards returned, and again attacked the fort by land. After three days, spent in several unsuccessful attacks, a Swiss sentry, who had been bribed, betrayed the garrison, and allowed the enemy to scale the walls. Madam Latour personally headed her little band of fifty men, and heroically attacked the invaders; but seeing how hopeless was success, she consented to terms of peace, offered by D'Aulnay, if she would surrender the fort. He immediately, upon getting possession, disregarded all the conditions agreed to, hung the whole garrison, compelled this noble woman, with a rope around her neck, to witness the execution; she, a few days afterwards, died of a broken heart. In 1650, Latour returned to St. John's, and received from the widow of D'Aulnay, who had died in the meantime, the possession of his old fort. In 1653 they were married, and he once more held peaceable control of his former lands as well as those of his deceased rival. In 1654, an expedition was sent by Oliver Cromwell from England, which captured Acadia from the French, and Latour was once more deprived of his property and possessions. In 1667, Acadia was ceded to France by the treaty of Breda, but no settlement of importance was made until 1749, when a fort was built at the mouth of the Nerepis

River, about ten miles from the city of St. John. In 1754, the French were again driven out by the English; and in 1758, a garrison was established at St. John's, under the command of Colonel Moncton. In 1764, the first English settlers came to New Brunswick, but no permanent settlement was made until 1783, when the Royalists arrived and founded the present city of St. John."

St. John's is a very interesting place. The principal hotel is the "Victoria," a new and finely arranged establishment, under American influence. At the time of our visit, the "elevator," a rare thing in the Provinces, was the special pride of the people. One good lady, a resident, said, as we were being hoisted up one day, "There is nothing like it in the States." We did not disturb her feelings by pointing to the manufacturer's silver plate on the door of the car, engraved, "Tufts, Boston." St. John's has its Churches, banks, and other public institutions, and altogether, forms a capital base of operations in getting acquainted with the surrounding regions.

But whatever the tourist does, he must not fail to take a trip up the St. John's River. There are two lines of steamers. The horse-cars take passengers to Indiantown, where we embark, after having made a special trip to the Falls of St. John. We find the scenery of the lower part of the river exceedingly wild and romantic, but as we ascend there is more of cultivation. Beautiful stretches of low land appear far and wide, while the river at times becomes so narrow that the steamer hardly has room to turn. But, to be more particular, after leaving the dock, we pass up

a narrow channel, with huge cliffs on either side, until we arrive at South Bay. Opposite is the Kennebecasis River, which is navigable for steamers, twenty miles. Ten miles up is Brundage's Point. A little further we pass the mouth of the River Nerepis. Here the French erected a fort, which was destroyed by the English in 1654. A little above this we enter what is called the Long Reach, twenty miles long and, in some places, over two miles wide. Twenty-five miles from St. John's is Oak Point; then Grassy Island is passed; next is the "Mistake," a long channel, which is very deceitful to the unacquainted. We here begin to enter a most superb farming country; the banks of the river are broad intervals of the richest soil, while the stream is studded with beautiful islands. We next arrive at Gagetown. Opposite is the mouth of the river Jemseg, which runs from Grand Lake into the St. John. Six miles further is Upper Gagetown, the oldest settlement of the English in the Province. Maugerville, on the eastern side, was settled by emigrants from Boston in 1766. Sheffield, the next stopping place, is noted for its academy for boys. A few miles above is Oromocto, at the mouth of a river of the same name. Eleven miles further on is Fredericton, the capital of New Brunswick, with its beautiful cathedral, pleasant streets, and a population of about 9000. Here, also, are the Parliament Buildings, the Government House, and the University. I never shall forget the beauty of the scene as we approached Fredericton at sunset.

The "Queens" and the Baker House are the principal hotels. At Fredericton we rest over night and

in the morning we can return to St. John's, either by boat or rail. In returning by rail, we shall get beautiful views of the lower part of the river.

While here at Fredericton, however, many improve the opportunity to go on in a small steamer sixty-two miles further to Woodstock, and, if the water permits, to Grand Falls, two hundred miles from St. John. The falls are very picturesque. At Woodstock one can take the railroad for St. Andrew's.

Returning to St. John's, by the aid of a local guide, the tourist will find out many attractive points that cannot be mentioned here; though we ought not to forget Grand Lake, which requires a special trip up the St. John. The steamer for this lake runs twice a week. Also if the tourist does not take the North American Railway for a trip to Shediac, the point of departure for the Bay Chaleur, Prince Edward's Isle, and Cape Breton, he will run up a part of the way to view the delightful scenery of Kennebecassis River, which fairly surprises one with its beauty. In reality, New Brunswick abounds with fine landscapes.

St. John's also forms the point of departure for Nova Scotia. From this point we cross the Bay of Fundy to Digby, a distance of 45 miles. Much is said about the roughness of the trip, yet in the season when tourists are abroad, there is nothing to apprehend. In the winter it is quite another affair. I have never found better voyaging than in this bay, as well as in the Gulf of St. Lawrence. Besides, on all the boats and railroad lines, Americans meet with a degree of politeness and attention for which they look in vain at home.



NOVA SCOTIA.

CHAPTER VII.

MARKLAND—BAY OF FUNDY—DIGBY—CONWAY—ANNAPOLIS
—GRAND PRE—EVANGELINE—WINDSOR—BEDFORD BASIN
—HALIFAX—ROUTES FROM HALIFAX.



NOVA SCOTIA is the "Markland" or Woodland of the Icelanders, who coasted the shore in the tenth and eleventh centuries. In 1604, it was possessed by the French. In 1613 the English seized the country, only to surrender it in 1632. After various transfers it finally fell to the lot of England, who has held it since 1610.

It is a beautiful country, abounding in mineral wealth, which includes gold, a metal that has often thrown the people into a fever. Nova Scotia is already nearly connected with New Brunswick by rail *via* Amherst and Truro, on the peninsula. But a direct route to Halifax lies across the Bay of Fundy to Digby. When once across the bay, we enter Digby Gut, and are impressed by the bold and beautiful scenery. The proper name of the town at the landing is Conway. Here tourists going to Weymouth and Yarmouth, take Staling's Stages. Those who are bound for Halifax, go up Annapolis Basin in the steamer to Annapolis, a distance of ten miles. Annapolis is the ancient Port

Royal of the French, is rich in historical associations, and is the scene of many a siege. The remains of ancient fortifications still appear. The tourist will find comfortable accommodations here, if he desires to remain a day or two. The distance from Annapolis to Halifax is 120 miles. Leaving St. John's in the morning, Halifax is reached the same evening. We travel by the Windsor and Annapolis Railroad. Sixty-nine miles from Annapolis we come to Grand Pre, celebrated as the home of the French Neutrals, whose story, Longfellow has made the foundation of his poem of "Evangeline." I will not spoil the poem by quoting from it here. The reader is advised to have it in his pocket, and to compare the descriptions with what he sees before him.

About 84 miles from Annapolis is Windsor, where the road branches to Pictou, distant 100 miles. The road to Pictou passes through much beautiful scenery, and at the end, we can take the steamer for Cape Breton, Prince Edward Island, Shediac, or Bay Chaleur. But our destination is Halifax, and we go on by the Nova Scotia Railroad, a distance of 45 miles, simply noting that this junction is famous for its plaster quarries. King's College, the oldest University in Nova Scotia, is here.

We pass nothing noticeable until we reach Bedford Station, 8 miles outside Halifax, where we have a view of the noble sheet of water known as Bedford Basin, the favorite resort of pleasure parties. Three miles farther on, we pass the Prince's Lodge, once the residence of the Duke of Kent, the father of Queen Victoria. One may see the Lodge through the car window by twisting his neck.

The railroad lands us at Richmond Depot, at the north end of the city. Carriages and horse-cars furnish transit to the hotels. The principal is the "Halifax Hotel." There is also the "International" and the "Restaurant de Compaine."

The things to see in Halifax are the Citadel, for which a pass will be given by the Town Major, the Dockyard, the Parliament and Provincial Building, the Free Library, Harbor, and the Horticultural Gardens. Other places are duly mentioned in the local guide, whose attractions the tourist will hardly care to exhaust. Halifax is rich in associations, has pleasant walks and drives, and well repays the journey required to reach it.

From this point stages leave for the different towns on the East Shore, where some of the gold mines are found. Steamers also leave this place for the trip southward on the coast, for Portland, Boston, Liverpool, Cape Breton, Prince Edward Island, Bay Chaleur, and Newfoundland. For the latter place the tourist can secure passage by steam once a fortnight. This is *the* route in going to that Island. In going to Cape Breton, however, it is advisable to start from either Shédiac or Pictou, on the Gulf of St. Lawrence. "Do" Cape Breton by all means.



CAPE BRETON.

CHAPTER VIII.

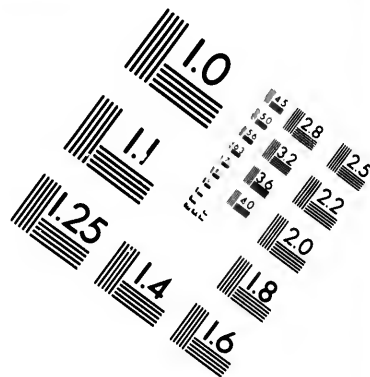
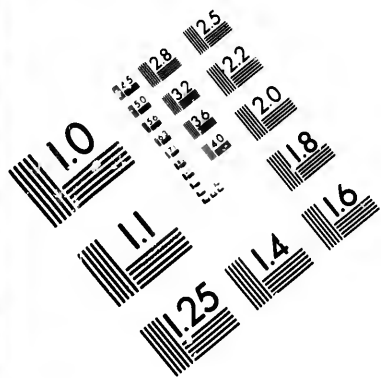
THE ROUTES—PORT HOOD—WHYKOKOMAGH—LAKE BRAS D'OR—BADDECK—BOULARDARIE—LITTLE BRAS D'OR—ST. GEORGE'S MOUNT—SIDNEY—LOUISBURG—WEST BAY—PORT HAWKSBURY—LOCH AINSLIE—PLASTER COVE.

PERSONS visiting the Provinces will make a mistake by omitting the Island of Cape Breton. The tourist goes on board one of the steamers of the P. E. I. Steam Navigation Company either at Shediac or Pictou. If at the former, he has the benefit of a visit to Prince Edward Island. At the end of five hours the steamer reaches Port Hood, a beautiful port protected by a large island; it is the rendezvous of fishing fleets. A local guide says: On the arrival of the steamer a stage leaves for Whykokomagh, at the head-waters of the Bras d' Or Lake, and distant twenty-eight miles. Leaving Port Hood about thirteen miles behind, we arrive at the thriving village at Mabou Bridge, rejoicing in its euphonious Micmac appellation. We then pass through Upper Mabou, situated on Mabou River. Fourteen or fifteen miles further we alight at Whykokomagh, and for the first time gaze upon the magnificent Bras d' Or (i. e. arm of gold). This is a picturesque village. At its back rugged hills rise amphitheatre-like to a great height, while from its feet stretch

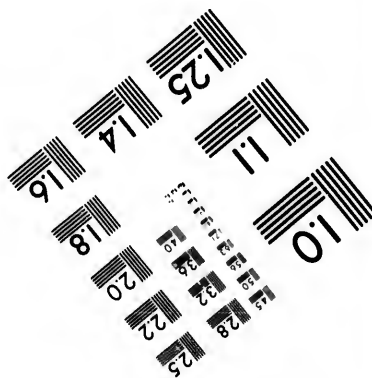
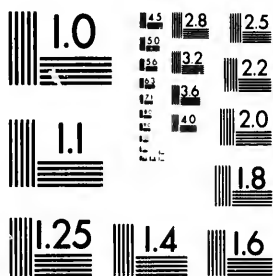
out in gentle contrast to the frowning hills above, the smiling waters of Whykokomagh Bay, an inlet of the Bras d' Or Lake. Bidding farewell to the coach, we step on board the steamer, and are soon landed safely at Baddeck. The steamer remains here about an hour, giving the tourist ample time to interview Baddeck and the Baddeckers. But the hour passes quickly, and the shrill steam whistle loudly calls us to embark once more, and off we start, losing sight of Baddeck as we round the neighboring extremity of Boulardarie Island, called by the Bretoners, Red Head, from the color of the clay that caps it. Swiftly between Boulardarie and the adjacent coast of Cape Breton County, we soon enter the Little Bras d' Or.

The boat makes a short stay at the landing, from whence, looking back, we get a fine view of St. George's Mount. Going on again, we at last pass through the narrow mouth of the lake, an achievement that requires all the skill of the pilot, and get out to sea, finally reaching Sidney by coasting the shore for a distance of fifteen miles. Here we are told the wonderful story of the coal mines, over which we sailed when a mile out at sea.

The tourist will desire to visit Louisburg, distant some twenty-five miles. Returning to Pictou, it will be well to go out by the head of the lake, *via* West Bay and Port Hawksbury, which reduces the staging to twelve miles. In returning, the captain, if requested, will take the passengers behind "Long Island," and thus afford them some wild views, that suggest the highlands of the Hudson. The salmon fisher as well as the artist will also desire to visit Loch Ainslee and the Margarie River, where the peculiarities of the



**IMAGE EVALUATION
TEST TARGET (MT-3)**



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Scotch scenery are realized. In fact, all over the island, we are reminded of the Scots, and in some places the language and customs are exclusively Gælic. Here, indeed, we may quote "The Bridal of Triermain," and say :

"Doth not this rude and Alpine glen
 Recall our favorite haunts again ?
 A wild resemblance we can trace,
 Though rest of every softer grace,
 As the rough warrior's brow may bear
 A likeness to a sister fair.
 Full well advised our Highland host,
 That this wild pass on foot be crossed,
 While round Ben-Cruach's mighty base,
 Wheel the slow steeds and lingering chase."

On the whole, Bras d' Or, well styled the Arm of Gold, is a beautiful and unique place, that will yet prove famous among our summer resorts. The facilities for travel and accommodation are improving every year, and every season the number of visitors increases. The cost of living is very moderate, but at present the rates of travel are quite high.

In going out of the Island *via* Port Hawksbury, there is a choice of routes. One route is to cross the Strait of Canso in a row-boat and take the stage to Pictou, on the opposite side : or go by water. The latter is the easiest course ; and, besides, it affords a fine view of the beautiful scenery along the Strait, and a sight of Cape Porcupine, which rises 640 feet above the sea. In this region, and especially at Plaster Cove, may be seen those signs which indicate the coming of pioneer Americans in search of beautiful, quiet and healthy summer-houses. Cape Breton has a *future* in store.

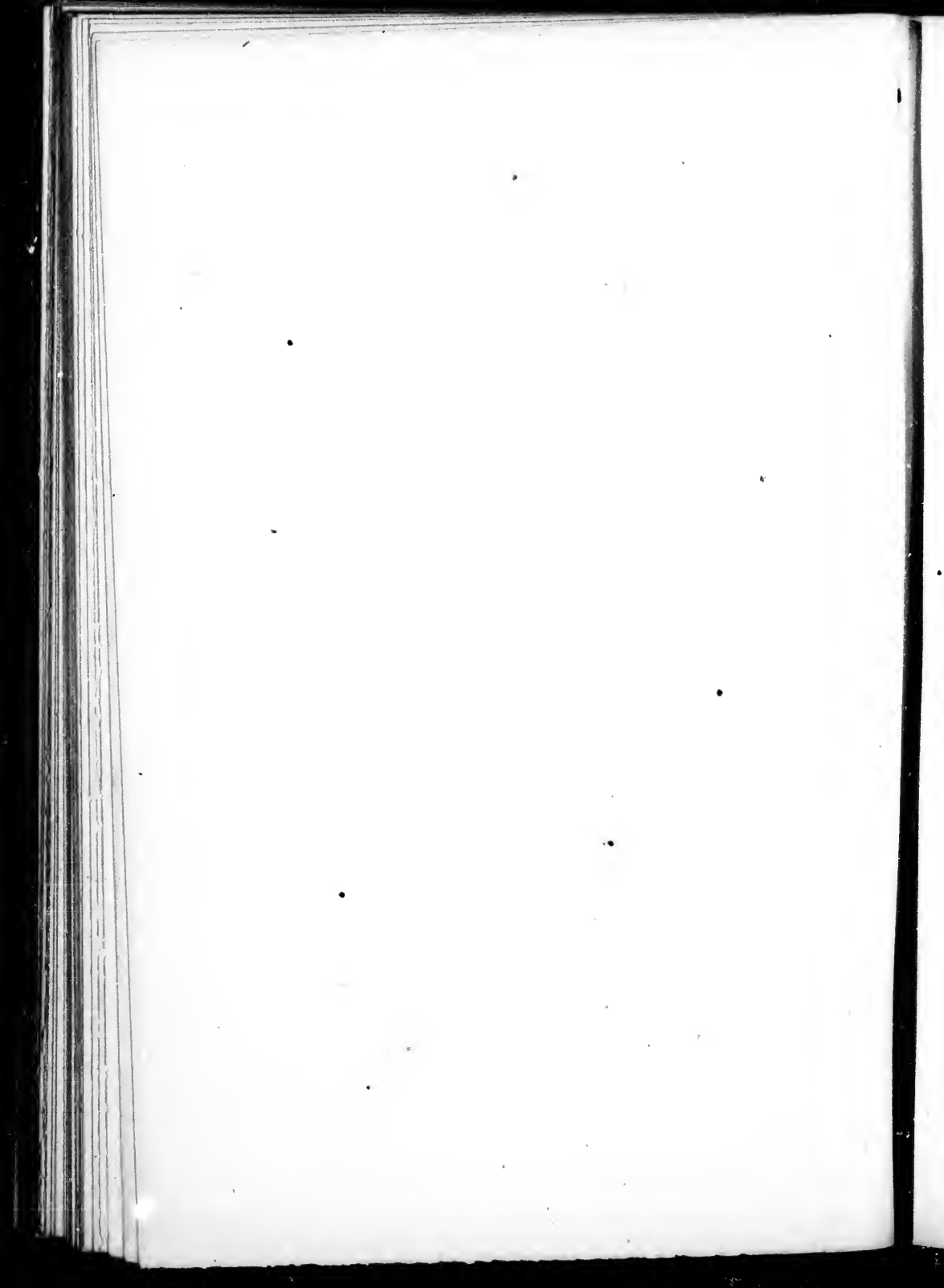
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PART II.

SOUTHERN SECTION.





SOUTHERN MAINE.

CHAPTER I.

CASCO BAY—THE ISLANDS—SEBASCODEGAN—CUSHING'S ISLAND—PORTLAND—SCARBOROUGH—THE POOL—OLD ORCHARD—KITTEERY.

BETURNING from the northern trip, we lingered for a time in Casco Bay, whose waters are embraced within the sheltering arms of Cape Elizabeth and Cape Small-Point. This bay is about twenty-seven miles wide at its mouth, and abounds in varied beauty.

The charm is the multiplicity of islands, which, by their favorable disposition, give Portland one of the finest harbors in the world. The number of islands visible at high tide is thought to be one hundred and ten; though fblers say, one for every day in the year. They vary in size from a small rock up to what might form a township. The largest is called "Sebascodegan." It is six and one-half miles long and less than one mile wide, being included within the town of Harpswell. It is well inhabited. Here likewise is found the island known as "Orr's Island."

One of its many attractions is Cushing's Island, a

popular summer resort of lovers of the beautiful, who come from far and near to enjoy the bathing and the pure, invigorating sea breeze at the Ottawa House. The steam communication between the island and Portland is regular, several trips being made daily. The island is only three miles from the city. It contains between three and four hundred acres of land, and affords fine marine views. The fishing is good.

Opposite to Richmond's Island is the Ocean House, and about two miles distant stands Cape Cottage, which is also a summer resort.

The entire region is more or less invested with the interest which springs from legend and story. Old inhabitants have an unfailling stock of local traditions, and revel in reminiscences of the Indian wars. Shipwreck, piracy and buried gold are staple themes in summer days, as well as winter nights. The poem on the "Dead Ship of Harpswell" given on page 158, illustrates one of these subjects.

At the head of Casco Bay stands Portland, the first city in Maine. The original attempt to found the city was made at Richmond's Island, where business was carried on for many years. As early as 1638, a good-sized ship arrived at that island with a cargo of wine, in exchange for fish. A lively trade in beaver, oil and other commodities, was also carried on with the Old World.

The ancient name of the place was Falmouth, which name superseded the Indian *Machigonne*, only to give

way, in turn, to a still more desirable appellation. As late as 1718, Portland could boast of only twenty families. In 1786, when the town took an act of incorporation, the number of inhabitants was two thousand. It now has more than twenty thousand. The city, so long known as the "Forest City," lost many of its noble trees by the great fire of July 4, 1866. The city has now been rebuilt, and possesses great advantages as a summer resort. It is one hundred and seven miles from Boston by rail, and possesses very important railway and steamship connections.

Concerning the scenery of the locality, one writer speaks as follows :

"On Munjoy Hill is an Observatory furnished with flag-staffs, from which are signalized vessels and steamers approaching Portland harbor. A powerful telescope enables the observer to distinguish objects many miles at sea. The visitor in Portland should not fail to ascend the Observatory. Mount Washington, some eighty miles distant, is plainly seen, and by the aid of the telescope the snow on the mountain very distinctly appears. Looking seaward the light-house on Seguin Island, at the mouth of the Kennebec river, some thirty miles away, stands out prominently, while a similar structure on 'half-way rock,' in the same line of vision, seems to be very near the beholder. Cape Elizabeth and the light-house there, and also Portland light can be distinguished not only in form

but in color. Many of the islands for which Casco Bay is so famous are spread out before the sight. Almost under our feet lies Fort Gorges, so named from that worthy nobleman who spent years and a fortune in efforts at colonization in Maine."

In passing southward eight miles, the next attractive point on this part of Southern Maine is Scarborough Beach, with its fine strand three miles long, and both still and surf bathing. This is one of the many similar places with which the coast abounds, though all have not an "Atlantic House" like this, to minister to the comfort of seaside tourists.

Next, fourteen miles from Portland, we come to Saco, famous for its unrivalled beaches. Those who linger over the rambles recorded in this book, would not be likely to thank any one for stating the amount of money invested in the "York Mills." The water power that drives the myriad looms of the town may be fair, but what is it all compared, say with the power which at every tide fills the Saco "Pool"? This famous institution is found about five miles from Saco. It is a nature-wrought basin in the living rock, connected with the sea by a narrow passage a quarter of a mile long. Here large vessels moor in perfect safety in all weathers. Such is the interest of the place, that no less than five hotels have sprung up for the accommodation of summer visitors.

There is also the famous "Old Orchard Beach," a name, they say, which came from a growth of apple

trees planted at an early period. More carriages can drive abreast on this noble beach than could have been accommodated on the wide walls of Babylon. The Old Orchard House furnishes accommodations for five hundred guests. This place is only four miles from the Saco depot.

Says the *Art Review*: "What suggestions of breaking lines of surf along the sandy beach; of health-giving breezes, from sea-ward; of quiet pine wood temples where Nature meets, face to face, her faithful worshippers; of all the dear delights that, in a country sea-side resting-place, make life seem a thing more truly worth the living. Such a place is 'Old Orchard' Beach at Saco, Maine, and they who care more for Nature and less for Fashion can here receive full reward, aye, tenfold recompense, for all distance traveled, or for all discomfort incurred in reaching this haven,—heaven, I almost said—of quiet summer rest. Leave Long Branch, and Newport, and Cape May, and the score of high-sounding city-spoiled places where nature is but a poor, half-scorned, half-unnoticed servant of Art, so-called, where Fashion holds high carnival and revels amid surroundings that her blind and deaf perceptions can neither see nor understand—leave all these, and flying Eastward, find at the Maine coast such comforts, such scenery, and such surroundings as will make your heart leap for joy, and such returning health and vigor as will impart new courage for another ten months of vacationless toil in your hived-up city place."

Sixteen miles from Portsmouth, is a splendid bluff called Bald Head Cliff. York Beach is six miles from Portsmouth, and is very wide throughout its entire length of two miles. The town of York is reached by stage and steamboat. This place was largely included in the ancient city of *Georgianna*, chartered in 1642. Mount Agamenticus is one of the great attractions of the region. The Indians regarded it with profound veneration. The hotel at York is the Marshall House

But if we were to undertake to enumerate all the splendid beaches, to be found in Maine, the space would utterly fail us. We therefore dismiss the Southern Coast of Maine, though not without reminding the reader that there are other points of interest on the coast like Agamenticus and York, both of which have also been referred to on page 16.

One who has the time, must not forget Kittery, which lies on the Piscataqua, opposite Portsmouth. Here we find the United States Navy Yard, and are saluted with the familiar sounds of labor, which one misses in these quiet journeys along the Maine Coast. At this place one can enjoy delightful rambles on foot, as well as around the neighboring city of Portsmouth. The place abounds in interesting historical associations, it being the home of the famous Peperell.



NEW HAMPSHIRE COAST.

CHAPTER II.

PORTSMOUTH — FROST'S POINT — RYE BEACH — HAMPTON
BEACH — BOAR'S HEAD — HAMPTON RIVER — SEABROOK.

PORTSMOUTH is a point of considerable historical and antiquarian interest; too much so, indeed, to be disposed of briefly with profit to the reader, who will find it worth looking up, through the medium of books more largely devoted to the subject. The region was visited by Martin Pring in 1603, and by Champlain in 1605, the account of Champlain's explorations was published by him at Paris in 1613. His accounts was accompanied by maps of the coast. These maps were somewhat obscure, yet, at the same time they were more satisfactory than anything that had previously appeared. When in this vicinity, the natives at his request, drew rude maps of the coast, using for the purpose charcoal from his camp fire. He thus anticipated Captain John Smith several years, who, as we have already seen in Chapter XIII, has no claim as the discover of the Isles of Shoals.

This place became the home of Englishmen prior

to the settlement of Salem and Boston, the Laconica Company sending a party of settlers to the Piscataqua in 1623. In 1631 other emigrants came out. For many years Portsmouth was known as Strawberry Bank, on account of the abundance of that berry. In 1653 it was incorporated as a town by the Massachusetts General Court, this place being "the river's mouth, and good as any in the land." It became a city in 1848.

The city is located on the south side of the Piscataqua River, within three miles of the Ocean Beach. The harbor is safe, the channel is deep, and the port is well protected by military works.

At an early day the place received the impress of cultured and aristocratic minds. Here was the home of the Royal Governors. The mansion of Governor Wentworth, built in 1750, is still pointed out at Little Harbor. It occupies less ground than formerly, but the antiquary finds, even in its diminished quarters, many remains of the appliances devised both for hospitality and defences. The place is well worth visiting. The seaside saunterer who turns away on this coast to discover a luxurious hotel, will find what he wants at the Rockingham.

Portsmouth is situated fifty-six miles from Boston, on the Eastern Railroad, from which point the tourists may reach the White Mountains direct, via Concord.

Proceeding three miles southward, from Portsmouth, we come to Frost's Point, where, erst, there

was a handsome hotel. This is a pleasant summer resort; and, possibly, by the time this sketch sees the light, a new hotel will take the place of that destroyed by fire.

Not far distant is Straw's Point, a high bluff commanding a view of the Isles of Shoals at the east.

The next place of interest on the coast is Rye Beach, a very beautiful summer resort, reached from Northampton station of the Eastern Railroad. The great hotel of this place, is the Ocean House, situated only a few rods from the beach, and commanding views of the Isles of Shoals, Little and Great Boar's Head, as well as a number of light houses. The other hotels are the Farragut, the Atlantic and the Bay View. There are also many boarding houses and cottages. It is a very attractive place, and many of the visitors repair thither year after year.

In our seaside pilgrimage, we next pass on to South Hampton Beach, where we find the famous "Boar's Head," a high bluff extending nearly a quarter of a mile into the sea. At high tide it is nearly insulated. It forms the dividing line between the North and South Beaches. Here may be enjoyed all the customary sea-side amusements, with an extensive prospect, including a view of Cape Ann, and nine lighthouses. The point of departure for Boar's Head is at Hampton on the Eastern Railroad. Of Hampton Beach Whittier says :

“The sunlight glitters keen and bright
Where miles away,
Lies stretching to my dazzled sight
A luminous belt, a misty light;
Beyond the dark pine bluffs and wastes of sandy gray.”

The village of Hampton comes next, situated at the mouth of Hampton River. The Indian name was Winnicomet. The river here divides Hampton Beach from Salisbury.

The last place to be mentioned on the New Hampshire coast is Seabrook, situated forty-two miles from Boston. The many brooks of the place, suggested the pretty name. Cat's Brook, rising in Salisbury, runs through the southeast part of the town. Two hundred years ago, a citizen of the place, Edward Gove, was confined in the Tower in London for high treason.

In the early times the inhabitants suffered from the attacks of the Indians, who were guilty of some horrible deeds. Seabrook contains beautiful and extensive salt marshes. The inhabitants fish in the summer and make shoes in the winter. At South Seabrook, there was formerly to be found some of the most degraded people known on the Atlantic coast, they being known as “Algerines.” Missionary labor among them has done much to improve their condition.



THE ISLES OF SHOALS.

CHAPTER III.

JOHN SMITH — CHAMPLAIN — HISTORY OF THE ISLES —
APPLEDORE — LONDONNER'S — WHITE ISLAND — STAR —
SMUTTY-NOSE — ROCKWEEDS.



PORTSMOUTH, the point of départure for the Isles of Shoals, is a quaint old place of some historic renown, situated at the mouth of the Piscataqua River. From thence, in the summer season, a small steamer usually makes a daily trip to the Shoals. It was our fortune, however, to sail thither in the little yacht *Celia*. As the tide was unfavorable, the Captain had left his vessel at Newcastle, about a mile below, and brought up his yawl to take us down. On such a perverse stream as this, the task of rowing is no trifle, yet after a hard struggle, in which the tide at times got the best of us, tugging at the bows of the boat like some huge mastiff, we got down the harbor, passing on the way mementos of at least three wars.

Getting on board just as a heavy shower came on, blistering the surface of the water, we at once went below, though the crew got the yacht under way; and when the shower was over, the *Celia* was outside of

Portsmouth Light. We were now heading directly for the "Shoals," as the people here say, with Whale Back Light to our left, or larboard side. This beacon has a fixed light in a solid tower, fifty-eight feet high, built upon a small rock.

Gradually Appledore rose above the waves, until it seemed to float insensibly

"Like a great ship at anchor."

As we sailed on, it became evident that we were approaching

"A country that draws fifty feet of water,
In which men live as in the hold of nature.

* * * * *

A land that rides at anchor, and is moored,
In which they do not live but go aboard."

Or, if any one does not exactly like this figure,

"That live as if they had been run aground,"

for I should hardly care to carry out Butler's description of Holland any farther. Arriving off the cove on the south side of Appledore, it was pleasing to find the aspect of these isles so agreeable. Instead of a mere heap of black, unsightly rocks as I had anticipated, the colors were rich, cheerful and harmonious; and, being half covered here and there with bright green shrubs, the effect of the islands, as a whole, when laid against the bright blue sky, was really admirable. I should have been glad if I could have said at once with Caliban, "This island's mine."

Going ashore seemed like going out of the little steam tug to get on board the Great Eastern. Yet we soon found the difference, for instead of a reeling deck there was the solidity of *terra firma*. We therefore concluded that Butler's last suggestion was best, and that the whole concern had run hard aground. But what is the genealogy of these isles?

That class of writers who scorn investigation, and seize upon the first plausible story that they can conveniently catch, have been accustomed to say that the Isles of Shoals were discovered in 1614, by Captain John Smith, who drew "the first map of this coast." Now, as regards John Smith, the simple truth is, that in the above-mentioned year he came to the coast of Maine, and left his vessel at Monhegan, "Whilest," as he says, "the sailers fished, myselfe with eight others of them might best be spared, ranging the coast in a small boat." In the course of this voyage he drew a map, and laid down these isles as "Smith's Isles." There is not, however, a line on record to prove that he ever stepped upon their shores.

Such is the claim of John Smith as the "Discoverer" of the Isles of Shoals, so familiar to fishermen and others who had already frequented the coast for many years.

In this connection Champlain must be noticed. With De Monts, he explored this region in 1605, nine years before Smith arrived, and made a map of the coast. This is the first tolerable map to which we can

refer. Lescarbot says that they "explored many things," "viewing all the coast of this land," and "searching to the bottom of the bays."

Champlain approached this part of the coast May 15. At the east he saw three or four isles, and at the west the mouth of a bay, that is, Portsmouth harbor, whose islands he mentioned as covered with wood. He afterwards landed at Odiorne's Point, which he laid down in his map and called Cape of the Isles (*Le Cap aux isles*). Therefore, if either of these explorers should be distinguished as the discoverer of the isles, the honor must be awarded to Champlain.

In regard to the origin of their present name we are left in doubt. It has often been said that it superseded the name given by the founder of Virginia, who called them "Smith's Isles," yet this is a gratuitous assumption. There is nothing to prove that the name "Isles of Shoals" did not precede Smith's name. No one ever spoke of "Smith's Isles," except Smith himself; whereas it is not known when they were first called the "Isles of Shoals." The name was doubtless given by some fishing expedition, on account of the schooling of the fish at this place, and perhaps by Sir Samuel Argall, who, the year previous to the arrival of Smith, fished in these waters.

But though the origin of the name may be obscure, there is no doubt but that they were settled at a comparatively early period. Lovett said: "The first

place I set my foote vpon in New England [1623] was the Iles of Shoulds * * * Vpon these Islands I neither could see one good timber tree, nor so much good ground as to make a garden." He adds that this is good fishing ground for "6 Shippes," but not more, owing to the lack of stage-room. The fact was demonstrated, he says, by "this yeare's experience." Thus early were the New Englanders found here.

The isles are seven in number, lying nine miles south-east of Portsmouth Light. The line dividing Maine from New Hampshire passes through them, leaving Appledore, Haley's, now called Smutty-nose, Duck and Cedar Islands in the former State; and Gosport or Star Island, White and Londoper's Island in the latter. The largest is Appledore. Star Island ranks next, and Haley's stands third. The others are hardly more than rocks.

The name of the first settler is not definitely known, though it might have been that Jaffrey, who, in 1628, with a Mr. Burslem, paid part of the expense of arresting Thomas Morton, of Merry Mount. Morton himself was brought here at that time, previous to being sent to England.

In 1635 the southern half of the group was granted to John Mason; but in 1676 the isles were occupied by William Pepperell (father of Sir William) and a Mr. Gibbons. They engaged for a time in the fisheries, but finally decided to remove.

We read that the Northmen, when they went into

Iceland, were guided in the choice of ground for their colonies by the hints thrown out by the seat-posts, which, being carved with images of the gods, they threw overboard when approaching the coast, to land where the winds and waves might toss them. But Pepperell and his associate were guided by a simpler suggestion. They cared nothing for Lares and Penates, and therefore each took a stick, set it on end, and allowed it to fall as it would, then going to seek new stations in the direction indicated by the fallen sticks. Pepperell's fell to the north-west, and sent him to Kittery, while Gibbons' guided him to the Waldo Patent. At least, so says *tradition*.

It is also stated, on somewhat better authority, that Sir William's father was so poor, that for some time after his arrival in this country he sought a wife in vain. When he became more prosperous, the damsel of his choice became his wife. Their son was knighted for his services in 1759. The title became extinct in 1816, and it is said that those who bore it actually came to want. Margery, a sister of Sir William, was accidentally drowned near the isles.

August 14, 1636, Richard Mather, grandfather of the celebrated Cotton Mather, arrived from Bristol, England, in the *James*, commanded by Captain Taylor. In his journal Mather says, "But ys evening by moone-light about 10 of ye clocke wee came to anere at ye Iles of Shoals, which are 7 or 8 Islands and other great rockes; and there slept sweetely

yt night till breake of day. But yet ye Lord had not done with us, nor yet had let us see all his goodnesse which he would have us take knowledge of; therefore on Saturday morning about breake of day, ye Lord sent forth a most terrible storme of raine and easterly wind, whereby wee were in as much danger as I thinke ever people were: for we lost in yt morning threë great ancrs and cables; of which cables, one having cost 50£ never had beene in any water before, two were broken by ye violence of ye waves, and ye third cut by ye seamen * * to save ye ship." Then they set sail, "but ye Lord let us see yt sayles could not save us, * * for by ye force of ye wind and raine ye sayles were rent in sunder." Then he says they began "to drive with full force of wind and rayne directly upon a mighty rocke standing out in sight above ye water, so yt we did but continually wayte when we should heare and feele ye dolefull rushing and crushing of ye ship upon ye rocke." But happily the ship was guided past "ye rocke" and escaped, when new sails were bent on, and the James headed in safety for Cape Ann. The same storm cast another emigrant ship ashore at Cape Ann, where twenty-one persons were drowned, including Mr. Mather's brother-clergyman, Mr. Avery, from Wiltshire, and his wife and six children.

About this time the trade of the isles was quite flourishing, and as many as half-a-dozen ships would be loading with fish for Bilboa, in Spain. The in-

habitants were poor, but distinguished for genuine worth.

In 1646, one John Abbot, who had been taken prisoner by the Indians at Black Point, managed to escape with a pinnace of thirty tons, and came to the Isles. On a favorable occasion, when the Indians were ashore, he greased the mast, hoisted the sail, and was soon beyond their reach.

At first the isles were left without any settled government, but the inconvenience became so great, that in the year 1661, Massachusetts erected them into a township, one part lying in the county of York and the other part in that of Dover and Portsmouth, under the name of "Apledoore;" though, by a subsequent act in 1672, they were all placed in the jurisdiction of Dover. The first settlement was on Appledore, then known as Hog Island. The number of inhabitants at that time has always been exaggerated. It is clear that the number of dwellings did not exceed twenty. They had a small meeting-house. It is *said* that the Rev. Mr. Hull was the first preacher, though Savage shows that he was here not long before his death in 1665. The inventory of his widow states that the "the Isle owed him for his ministry £20." Richard Gibson, of the Church of England, came here, "entertained by the fishermen" to preach to them. He also, as John Winthrop complains, "did marry and baptize." To this he added the crime of speaking against the Great and General Court, saying

that the Shoals were not within their jurisdiction. Being apprehended by the Boston authorities, he acknowledged his guiltiness (in their eyes), and, "being a stranger," was graciously sentenced "to depart the country," without any "other punishment." He left for England in 1642.

Appledore was early abandoned, the people removing to the convenient location afforded by Star and Haley's Island. On the latter was a building that served as a Court House, and, in 1672, cases involving not more than ten pounds could be tried here, "Provided one person or more from the mayne do sitt and joyne with them." At the same time dues of gunpowder could be collected of vessels entering the port, which powder should be used for "our safety."

Two years previous to this time, however, the isles came near losing their good name, and bringing "reproach and prejudice to this colony;" for it was reported to the General Court, "that there is a ship riding in a roade at the Isles of Shoals suspected to be a pirat, and hath pirattically seized the say'd ship and goods from some of the French nation in amity with the English." The virtuous Court, therefore, thought fit to purge itself of all complicity with the affair, and its resolve, to that effect, as the record quaintly says, was duly "Publisht in Boston by beat of drume."

The people here were in no way implicated, and yet we find that the first pirates in New England originated near by, beginning their depredations in

1632, and generally keeping east of the Shoals. They were sixteen in number, being led by Dixy Bull. Pemaquid was their first prize, and there one of their band was killed. The Government sent an armed vessel in pursuit of them, but, on their promising to abandon the trade, the chase was given up. It is said that they had one rule against excessive drinking, and another enforcing daily prayers. Sometime afterwards the Low Pirates visited the isles and caused one of the fishermen to purchase his life by cursing the renowned Cotton Mather three times. They hated the Reverend gentleman not without cause, for he really seemed to enjoy preaching a sermon at the execution of one of their profession.

December 24, 1715, the present town of Gosport was erected by the authorities of New Hampshire, the old jurisdiction of "Apledoore" having become effete. In 1728 Gosport's proportion of the tax of one thousand pounds was sixteen pounds four shillings.

The present records go back no farther than the year 1730, but they contain much interesting information both of a civil and ecclesiastical nature.

It appears that in the year 1647, it was contrary to the orders of the General Court for a woman to live on the isles, and a man was complained of for bringing over some goats and hogs, together with his *wife*. The hogs preyed upon the fish which was being cured,

but the crime of the poor woman is not mentioned. To the credit of the judges we must add, that while the porkers were banished the isles, the man was allowed to enjoy the companionship of his wife. The minister from 1651 to 1663 was the Rev. John Brock, a graduate of Harvard College, who appears to have been a man of great excellence. Cotton Mather tells a good story about him in his *Magnalia*. He says that a fisherman who had been very useful in ferrying the people to church on Sundays, finally lost his boat in a storm. The good parson, hearing him lament the fact, said, "Go home contented, good Sir, *I'll mention the matter to the Lord*; to-morrow you may expect to find your boat." And the account says that the next day it was actually restored to him, having been brought up from the bottom on the flukes of an anchor. Mr. Brock was succeeded by a Mr. Belcher. Afterwards the Rev. Joshua Moody took the clerical duties, and served from 1706 to 1731.

The Rev. John Tucke was the minister from 1732 until 1773. At first his salary was one hundred and ten "pounds money or bills of credit," to which was added five pounds towards a house. He accepted the office April 28, and July 26 following was observed by the inhabitants as a day of fasting and prayer for a blessing on his ministry. In 1754 his salary was one quintal of "merchantable fish" to each man, and his parishioners numbering nearly one hundred, his stipend, for those days, was quite valuable. Two

years later he had his choice between waiting for his money or taking his salary in "weanter fish." Like a wise man he took the fish, holding that a bird in the hand was worth two in the bush.

By degrees, owing to their attachment to strong drink, the people lost the high character which they so long bore. When the Revolutionary war broke out, the most of the inhabitants removed to the mainland, for the reason that the place became the rendezvous of British cruisers. From the close of the war to the year 1800, those left here only had occasional preaching by the Rev. Jeremiah Shaw. In 1790, so indifferent was the tone of feeling, that, as the records say, "Some of the people of the baser sort pulled down and burnt the meeting house." The writer who records the act continues: "The special judgment of heaven seems to have followed this piece of wickedness to those concerned in it, who seem since to have been given up to work all manner of wickedness with greediness."

Eventually the people of Massachusetts built them a meeting house with stone walls, on Star Island, sent them a teacher, besides food and clothing, and in return received from the inhabitants a promise of reformation. The Rev. Jedidiah Morse preached the opening sermon from Ps. 118: 25.

The teacher of "these unfortunate people," as the Portsmouth *Star* called them at the time, was a Mr. Stevens, who was also their spiritual director and the

Justice of the Peace. He died on Star Island in 1804.

Caleb Chase, of Newburyport, came to the isles to teach school in 1819. Speaking of himself in the book of record he says, that "He endeavored to ascertain the ages of the people generally, but many of them had lost their ages for the want of a record." Also that "When he came to the isles there were on Star Island eleven families and two solitaires, fifty-two souls. On Smutty-nose five families and one solitary, twenty-six souls, and on Hog Island one family, eight souls; in all, eighty-six souls."

The Rev. Samuel Sewell arrived on a "mission," in September, 1824, and found fourteen families and one "solitary" on Star Island, in all sixty-nine persons. In 1832 the population had increased to ninety-nine. From 1804 to 1845 no town meeting was held. Since that period the improvement has been steady, and all the social, political and religious interest cultivated on the mainland are attended to here.

But while I have digressed in giving this historical sketch, the result of much labor, my friends have been kept waiting at the landing, where there is no wharf, but a long inclined plane built of plank, descending under the water, and accommodating itself to every state of the tide. Close by are the boat-houses, and farther on, to the left, is the private residence of the Leighton Brothers. Across the lawn stands the hotel, an enormous building that has twice duplicated its

capacity, and now, surmounted by its huge observatory, appears in the distance like some old baronial castle full of quadrangular nooks. We perceive at a glance that there are no more trees on the island than there were in 1624, when Levett landed, yet there is a broad, generous piazza, nearly three hundred feet long, having at the end a high platform large enough for a ball-room, completely roofed in, but open at three sides, and commanding a view of the ocean, both north and south. We hardly miss the trees, as the air is so cool, even rivaling in this respect the atmosphere of Homer's Atlantis. In leaving the mainland there is a complete change, and a fortnight spent here will afford the benefits of an ocean voyage, wholly separated from its often disagreeable experience. In winter also the climate is superior to that of the mainland. Mr. Tucke used to say that in this season the isles were "a thin underwaistcoat warmer" than in the corresponding latitude ashore.

From a careful examination of Appledore, it appears as if the sea once separated it into two islands. A valley terminating in coves at each end runs across it. The southern part is the highest, standing as it does ninety feet above the level of the sea. The northern half accommodates the hotel, which is in the little valley somewhat sheltered from the easterly winter gales.

Ascending to the lofty observatory, which affords a splendid outlook, the uneven, rumped character of

this and the neighboring isles becomes apparent. Since the rocks rose from the bosom of the sea, there have been many convulsions, and earthquakes have opened broad seams which were filled by the molten trap boiling up like lava from below. There is a great deal of interest here, and it is to be regretted that the State Geologists made such a farce of their survey. It appears that they came out to the isles in the revenue cutter one windy day, landed at two or three points, concluded that there was considerable surf running, and then went home again, taking along with them a couple of those barbarous sketches which disfigure so many official reports. In these sketches Gosport and White Island would find it impossible to recognize themselves.

Appledore is just half a nautical mile long and about three-eighths of a mile wide in its broadest or southern part. The walk around it, however it may seem, scarcely exceeds a mile and a half. It is quite fatiguing, but it repays the labor. Here there are none of those tremendous cliffs which at Mount Desert look down upon the sea, and therefore the bold rocky shore may be always followed. In part there is very hard scrambling, by reason of the broad rifts in the granite and gneiss of which the island is composed. The most of these are still paved with dark trap-rock that was originally level with the surface. The peculiar structure of this rock causes it to yield easily to the force of the waves, and thus long galle-

ries are formed in the granite from a distance appearing like the work of man. In sailing around the isles this feature is very noticeable, as the galleries run in some distance at right angles with the beach.

We began our tour at the north side. On our way thither we passed the monument of the late proprietor whose grave is near by. This is a plain memorial fixed firmly in the rock.

Mr. Loughton was a somewhat peculiar character. At one time he took part in New Hampshire politics. He afterwards became dissatisfied with the main, and took charge of White Island Light, where he lived for six years. When attention began to be turned to the isles, he built a small hotel on Appledore for the accommodation of visitors. This hotel has kept pace in its growth with the fame of the isles, which has spread all over the Union. For the last twenty-five years of his life Mr. Loughton never once visited the busy world over the waves. Here he dwelt by himself, occupying the position of Lord of the Isles, and when he died his remains fitly found a resting-place within the sound of the sea which he loved so well.

Arriving at the cove we noticed a couple of fishermen catching perch, using rods, as for trout, notwithstanding the waves were rolling in, booming and blanching, as Tennyson has it, on the rocks.

Turning westward, we came to what is called the Greek Cross, formed by two immense channels in the

rock intersecting at right angles. One was formerly filled with a poor metamorphic slate, and the other with trap. Both have been eaten out by the sea. The evidence of volcanic action is here very visible. Long after their original formation, the isles were time after time rent in twain. It may be difficult to realize the fact, yet the time has been when the waves of liquid fire, bursting up from the great molten sea below, vied in their wrath with the ocean wave, while the brine-washed rock hissed at the fiery spray. And will this occur again? Whittier tells us that when

“Goody Cole looked out from her door,
The Isles of Shoals were drowned and gone.”

This may some day take place in earnest; for we do not know whether the earthquake shocks that have been felt on an average once in ten years at a single spot on yonder main ever since the country was settled, are the dying growls of a tempest that is past, or the mutterings of a storm to come. At any rate let not the proprietors suppose that I am in league with those speculators who would fain buy this isle.

Clambering along among the rocks, we found a broad gulch that might be used as a dry dock. From this point may be had a view of Duck Island with a single old building on it, and lying north-east, distant exactly three-fourths of a nautical mile. Northward, in Maine, is Agamenticus. Westward is Hampton Beach, and Po Hill, which hides Whittier's home. Close to

the shore the ledges are everywhere very fine. We returned by the shingle beach on the south shore, having made the circuit of half the island.

It was some time before sunset that we set out to explore the remaining and more interesting portion of Appledore, which is separated from the rest by a stone wall. Passing through a gate, we came upon a flock of sheep, who stared at us for a minute, and then, following their leader, ran. Taking the west side of the island, we walked among the sheep-paths until we reached the ruins of the old settlement. Nothing is left but cellar walls, and the whole vicinage is covered with elderberry bushes, upon which was fruit enough to make hogsheads of wine. Occasionally the ground had a dark rich hue, and here and there something was still left to indicate that "once a garden smiled." The single unoccupied house is of a modern origin, and, standing and uncared for and alone, it looks as if haunted.

The reason why this spot was so soon deserted is clear. The fishermen had no beach for their boats. The only place to land was in a chasm about twenty-five feet wide with perpendicular walls, formed by the disintegration of the trap-rock. This was of course insufficient, and accordingly they sought the shelter of Star and Haley.

Farther eastward another earthquake record is found in what has been called Neptune's Gallery, with perpendicular scarred walls, high and far apart,

between which the breakers roll in with a sound that is well nigh deafening. Near this point the rocks are high and bold. Farther on, around the point, a cove makes into the shore, the rocks being ragged and disjointed, and piled up in the greatest confusion. Returning thence, we crossed the centre of the island and approached the cairn, which we had understood was Smith's Monument, lately erected to his memory. This cairn is about ten feet high, bulging at one side, and seeming to incline like "Pisa's leaning miracle." Determined to do the great adventurer homage, I shouldered a good-sized fragment of granite, and staggered towards the cairn, while Amarinta followed by my side, bearing a tribute of more delicate proportions. These were reverently added to the pile; and, *mens conscia recti*, that is to say, happy in the delusion of a duty well done, we sat down by the cairn and spoke of the great man's worth. While here the day came to an end, the western clouds, "ministering with glorious faces to the setting sun." At the same time full-orbed Luna appeared in the east, blushing as from our praise of her loveliness. This meeting of Day and Night was as if Righteousness and Peace had kissed each other.

Gradually the splendor of sunset died away, and the dark blue sky at the west shading off at the horizon into deep purple, which threw the inky tones of sepia upon the waves; while eastward, recovering from the embarrassment that attended her first appear-

ance, the moon looked calmly across the silvery track formed by her own bright beams in the shimmering sea. When the moon rose higher, sending lances of light down the western slope of the island into the cove and out across towards the main, the scene changed again, and where before all was indistinguishable in the twilight's gloom, the boats and yachts came out with a fairy-like aspect, rocking on the tide, while the voices of excursionists bound for a moonlight sail were borne to us on the evening air.

On returning to the Appledore House we were quite shocked to learn that our respect for Captain John Smith had been quite thrown away. In fact it appeared that this was not the monument which had been erected to his memory, but one that, according to tradition, was *built* by him. I was quite confused at first on discovering my mistake, but I soon rallied and repaid my informant tenfold, by letting him know, as already stated, that nothing exists to indicate that Smith ever stepped upon these isles. I cruelly followed this up the next day by ferreting out unimpeachable testimony which proves that the cairn was erected only about seventy years ago as a mark for fishermen in finding the bearing of their fishing grounds.

Boating at the Isles of Shoals is a favorite amusement. One pleasant day we rowed to a number of different points. Our first harbor was Londonner's or Lounging Island, a rocky spot three-fourths of a

nautical mile south-west from the cove at Appledore. The north and south halves of this island, which is three-sixteenths of a mile long, are connected by a narrow neck often covered at high tide, the mean rise and fall of which is eight feet six inches. Entering the cove on the east side, we found the Hibernian fisherman, who dwells here, out in a boat catching perch with which to bait his trawls for cod. He told what he knew about his craft, after which we put into one of those convenient docks formed by the erosion of trap dykes, and went ashore. The Hibernian in question *can* say with Caliban, "This island's mine." He seemed a sort of Caliban himself, and his boys young Calibans. A battered wooden cottage takes the place of a cave, but I found no enchanter. It appears to have had as hard usage as its owner. A fish-like odor pervaded the air, a goat was paying attention to the moss on the rocks, while some chickens and ducks were picking up a living around the door. We looked into the fish-house, and hurried away, quite satisfied with what we saw.

Three-fourths of a mile eastward is the head of White Island. This island is nearly one-fourth of a mile long, and about one-sixteenth of a mile wide. Here stands the light-house. From this point Portsmouth Light bears nearly north north-west; Boon Island, distant nineteen and a half miles, bears north-east by north, three-fourths east; and Rye Meeting-house, nine miles distant, north-west by west,

one-half west. The Head is separated from the rest of the island at high tide.

Towards this spot we now turned the prow, escorted by a lad who volunteered to serve as pilot. When we approached the landing at the light-house, he told us that he had never been ashore, and he now thought there was too much surf. He accordingly backed his boat off, and we rowed in to reconnoitre. While considering the subject, the Light Keeper, who was on the main rock, seeing our situation, came down to the little bar where the surf was breaking, and, watching his chance, ran through the water and came opposite to us. Then when a convenient wave rolled in, we rushed the boat head on to the beach, the keeper running in to catch her bows. Our venture was successful, but before the windlass could be put in motion to haul the boat up the ways, a second wave, to the great consternation of Amarinta, swashed in over the stern a full barrel of brine, causing a precipitate retreat over the thwarts to the bows. Finally the windlass, planted high up the beach, was at work, and the boat was drawn up out of the surf. The keeper then led the way to the top of the light-house, situated on the highest point of the rock, and reached by a covered bridge. This is a Fresnell light. Its peculiarity is that it has a single burner inclosed in a sort of crystal palace, formed of heavy glass blinds, through which the light passes. At a distance this light shows a great power, though when viewed close at hand, it

attracts but little attention. The entire arrangement was imported from France. The first-class lenses cost about ten thousand dollars. Fresnell, the inventor, has now revolutionized the whole light-house system, and conferred a vast benefit upon mankind. This is a flash light, made to give out alternate flashes of red and white, at fifteen seconds each. This lantern has one curious effect. Standing by its side, eighty-seven feet above the water, in a pleasant day it will be found that it gathers up in its mighty focal grasp the objects on Star Island, and sets them down again out at sea. There, for instance, is the meeting-house which stands upon Star Island, planted firmly on the uneasy waves, just as far out in the opposite direction.

The keeper lives here alone with his assistant, maintaining bachelors' hall. In the summer they have a good many visitors, but at other times it is quiet enough; at least, so they say.

And while here I was reminded of a poem that appeared in the *Atlantic* from the pen of Mrs. Thaxter, whose father had charge of the light. It alludes to the wreck of the Brig Pochahontas, lost on the neighboring shore.

Some persons might suppose that this barren rock would prove the last place in which to woo the Muses, yet in all such localities hopeful and receptive minds are not slow in discovering both benefits and beauties. Alexander Smith, wandering for a summer in the rocky island of Skye, almost imagined himself in

Paradise. This is in accordance with the remark of Goethe: "Let no one say that the reality lacks poetical interest." It is both the custom and the right of a class of minds to see everywhere what they please; for there are really no asymptotes in nature. Extremes always meet, barrenness itself running into beauty. It demands no strain upon the imagination in order to discover rare attractions among these isles, especially in the autumn, when the brightest coloring is found, and when from a distance they flash in the blue sea like some huge crystal of iridescent Labrador spar. But we were speaking of the poem. Its merit alone would certainly justify its appearance here, while, as the production of what we may call a resident, its insertion is on the whole demanded:

"I lit the lamps in the lighthouse tower,
 For the sun dropped down and the day was dead;
 They shone like a glorious clustered flower,
 Ten golden and five red.

Looking across, where the line of coast
 Stretched darkly, shrinking away from the sea,
 The lights sprang out at its edge,—almost
 They seemed to answer me.

O warning lights, burn bright and clear,
 Hither the storm comes! Leagues away
 It moans and thunders low and drear,—
 Burn till the break of day!

Good night! I called to the gulls that sailed
 Slow past me through the evening sky;
 And my comrades, answering shrilly, hailed
 Me back with boding cry.

A mournful breeze began to blow,
Weird music it drew through the iron bars,
The sullen billows boiled below,
And dimly peered the stars;

The sails that flecked the ocean floor
From east to west leaned low and fled;
They knew what came in the distant roar
That filled the air with dread!

Flung by a fitful gust, there beat
Against the window a dash of rain:
Steady as tramp of marching feet
Strode on the hurricane.

It smote the waves for a moment still,
Level and deadly white for fear;
The bare rock shuddered,—an awful thrill
Shook even my tower of cheer.

Like all the demons loosed at last,
Whistling and shrieking, wild and wide,
The mad wind raged, and strong and fast
Rolled in the rising tide.

And soon in ponderous showers the spray,
Struck from the granite, reared and sprung,
And clutched at tower and cottage gray,
Where overwhelmed they clung

Half drowning, to the naked rock;
But still burned on the faithful light,
Nor faltered at the tempest's shock,
Through all the fearful night.

Was it in vain? That knew not we.
We seemed, in that confusion vast
Of rushing wind and roaring sea,
One point whereon was cast

The whole Atlantic's weight of brine.
Heaven help the ship should drift our way!
No matter how the light might shine
Far on into the day.

The Isles of Shoals.

When morning dawned above the din
Of gale and breaker boomed a gun!
Another! We, who sat within,
Answered with cries each one.

Into each other's eyes with fear
We looked, through helpless tears, as still,
One after one, near and more near,
The signals pealed, until

The thick storm seemed to break apart,
To show us, staggering to her grave,
The fated brig. We had no heart
To look, for naught could save.

One glimpse of black hull heaving slow,
Then closed the mists o'er canvas torn
And tangled ropes, swept to and fro
From masts that raked forlorn.

Weeks after, yet ringed round with spray,
Our island lay, and none might land;
Though blue the waters of the bay
Stretched calm on either hand.

And when at last from the distant shore
A little boat stole out, to reach
Our loneliness, and bring once more
Fresh human thought and speech,

We told our tale, and the boatmen cried:
'Twas the Pocahontas,—all were lost!
For miles along the coast the tide
Her shattered timbers tost.'

Then I looked the whole horizon round,—
So beautiful the ocean spread
About us, o'er those sailors drowned!
'Father in heaven,' I said,

A child's grief struggling in my breast,
'Do purposely thy creatures meet
Such bitter death? How was it best
These hearts should cease to beat?

'O wherefore! Are we naught to thee?
Like senseless weeds that rise and fall
Upon thine awful sea, are we
No more then, after all?'

And I shut the beauty from my sight,
For I thought of the dead that lay below,
From the bright air faded the warmth and light,
There came a chill like snow.

Then I heard the far-off rote resound,
Where the breakers slow and slumberous rolled,
And a subtle sense of Thought profound
Touched me with power untold.

And like a voice eternal spake,
That wondrous rhythm, and 'Peace, be still!'
It murmured; 'bow thy head, and take
Life's rapture and life's ill,

And wait. At last all shall be clear.'
The long, low, mellow music rose
And fell, and soothed my dreaming ear
With infinite repose.

Sighing, I climbed the lighthouse stair,
Half forgetting my grief and pain;
And while the day died, sweet and fair,
I lit the lamps again.'

On leaving the island we had to watch our chance, notwithstanding it was such pleasant weather. First the Assistant got off in a little boat to pick us up in case of a mishap. This was very easily done, as he was used to it, and then we ran our boat down and put Amarinta in, protesting, and declaring that it would *never* do. The right minute came, we shoved out on the undertow, sprang to the oars, and were safe. Getting off at a convenient distance, we find

that the head on which the lighthouse stands is a very beautiful object, and, with a fishing-smack thrown in, would, make a fine picture.

Our course was next shaped for Star Island or Gosport, the western cove of which is thirteen-sixteenths of a mile from the lighthouse. There is no wharf and never has been here, though in 1766 the people petitioned for the privilege of getting up a lottery to build one. At low water it is difficult to get ashore, but there is no trouble generally on account of the surf. By making a bridge of skiffs we reached the sandy beach with dry shoes.

Gosport is five-eighths of a mile long and one half a mile wide, presenting the most perfect picture of a fisherman's village that I have seen on the New-England coast. Reaching the shore, we of course came in contact with the fish, and experienced the "pungent odor of o'erboiling tar," so that, with old Ben Jonson, one would fain "sacrifice two-pence worth of juniper" to appease his offended nose. The children were in force, there being a due proportion of girls and boys, and among the latter, perhaps, some little Enoch Arden. Here they played.

"Among the waste and lumber of the shore,
Hard coils of cordage, swarthy fishing-nets,
Anchors of rusty fluke, and boats updrawn;
And built their castles of dissolving sand."

We made our way through all this customary *debris*, to which was now added the charred remains

of a recent fire that destroyed a number of buildings, and reached the narrow way that answered for a street, in which "twa wheelbarrows tremble when they meet." Thence we fared forth, like Æneas at Carthage, to explore the stranger clime, and find what land this might be, and by what inhabitants possessed. To accomplish this the more intelligently, we repaired at once to the house of the worthy and obliging Town Clerk, who brought out the records and put us in immediate connection with both the present and the past, adding various comments at the same time on men and things. Much of what has already been given of the history of Gosport was drawn from this valuable repository, which brainless visitors of these latter days have sought to render still more precious, by entrusting to its keeping their autographs, with remarks.

Having taken numerous notes, we threaded our way to the old meeting-house, concerning which the records have considerable to say. We found the minister there, with his coat off, trowel in hand, and hard at work making repairs. We bade him good morrow, and made bold to say that we hoped he was not daubing with "untempered mortar;" which he trowed not, as it was Roman *cement*. Thus easily we made one another's acquaintance, after which he swung open the door and invited us to enter, showing at the same time the new floor which he had laid down, the seats he had refitted, and the neat chairs that he had

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made for the pulpit, all of which showed that, like the great Paul, he could labor with his own hands. This good and worthy man came here originally for the benefit of his health, and has since remained for the most of the time, serving the islanders, not only as their minister, but as physician, general adviser and friend. The structure is a quaint one. The tip of the spire is forty-two feet from the ground, and may be seen at a distance of twenty-five miles. The building is richly in keeping with everything on the island. Its little bell hanging in the belfry calls the children to school and the people to church, though the school is now held in a separate building. The weathercock is also worth noticing. When put up, an entry was made in the records, noting that the people found it expensive, and adding the pious, and slightly poetical, remark: "May their own hearts yield to the breathings of the Divine Spirit as that vane does to the winds."

Leaving this venerable place we went southward and found a little burial-ground in a depression of the rocks. It had been prepared with much labor and pious care. The earth had evidently been collected with difficulty, as is the case almost everywhere on the isles. Yet there appears to be no disposition to hew out sepulchres in the rocks. Perhaps they approve the sentiment of that prelate who said with his last breath, "Bury me in the sunshine;" still many of the fishermen never need a tomb, as they suffer hydriotaphia in the sea.

We next turned toward the monument to Captain John Smith. This time we felt sure of our ground, though what made us so positive was not the inscription, which in the glaring light we could hardly decipher, but it was argued from the three heads tipping the corners of the capital of a triangular marble column that rested on a pedestal of gneiss; for did not Captain John Smith relieve three Turks of their cranial appendages on one occasion in single combat? At least he *supposed* that he did, and to commemorate the event named three islands off Cape Ann the Three Turks' Heads. The name did not stick, but his admirers have come to the rescue, and tricked out the story in solid marble. It is to be hoped that the story of that adventure is not quite so apocryphal as his "discovery" of these isles. Still, since the iconoclast has robbed us of the romantic story of Pocahontas, we must receive it with care.

From the general appearance of this monument, we might imagine that a committee of the subjects of the *Sublime Porte* had conspired to make our hero ridiculous, out of revenge for the slaughter inflicted upon their ancestors; yet instead of being the work of three vindictive Turks, it appears to have originated from an equal number of respectable Christians. To save the visitor from the purgatorial task of deciphering the inscriptions, I will put them into legible print. On one side we read:

"John Smith was born at Willoughby, Linconshire,

England, in 1579, and died in London in 1631, aged 52 years. He was Governor of Virginia, and subsequently Admiral of New England. These Isles [im?] properly called Smith's Isles, were discovered by him in April, 1614, while with eight others, in an open boat, he was exploring the coast from Penobscot to Cape Cod."

On another we are told that,

"Capt. John Smith was one of 'nature's noblemen.' In his generosity toward the public he almost forgot himself; those who knew him best loved him most, and say of him: 'In all his proceedings he made virtue his first guide, and experience his second; despising baseness, sloth, pride, and indignity, more than any dangers; he would never allow more for himself than for his soldiers, and to no danger would he expose them which he would not share himself. He would never see any in want of what he had, or could get for them; he would rather want than borrow, or starve than not pay; he loved action more than words, and hated covetousness and falsehood more than death; his adventures were for their lives, and his loss was their deaths.'"

The third face testifies,

"In reward of his valor, the Prince of Transylvania presented to Captain John Smith his picture set in gold, gave him a pension of 300 ducats, and granted him a coat-of-arms bearing three Turks' heads in a shield with the motto: 'Vincere est vivere.' In 1627,

Smith says: 'I have spent five years and more than 500 pounds in the service of Virginia and New England, but in neither have I one foot of land, nor the very house I built with my own hands, and am compelled to see those countries shared before me among those who knew them only by my descriptions.' Consideration of the interesting facts of his life has led to the erection of this monument, A. D. 1864."

Such is the monument that the New World gives to the heroic and magnanimous Captain John Smith. This is the unkindest cut of all. Better far would have been a simple cairn. As one of the explorers of New England, he did good service, although anticipated by Champlain, who has the *prior* right to a monument. His career, when stripped of all fiction, still presents sufficient to admire, and in whatever aspect he may be viewed he will always appear as a remarkable man. He deserved something better than this; built, too, upon the mainland, where his discoveries lay, and upon which he unquestionably trod. But he can afford to wait.

Beyond this place is found what is called Miss Underwood's Rock, named after the teacher of the school, who while sitting here reading a book was swept off by a wave. No less than three young girls have since perished at the same place. Every one who comes here wishes to know how it occurred. Let them in future restrain their curiosity and keep away from the booming surf.

Some distance to the eastward is a huge rift called "Betty Moody's Cave." It is said that in the French war, when the Indians were committing depredations all along the coast, one Betty Moody here secreted herself and children from the wrath of the savages. I give it, however, as a tradition, unsupported by contemporaneous authorities.

Another story is also told in regard to a minister of the same name, who preached to the islanders. It appears that one of their fishing boats had been lost with the entire crew, in Ipswich Bay. During a sermon, in which Mr. Moody sought to "improve" upon this sad event, he said: "Supposing, my brethren, any of you should be overtaken in the bay by a north-east storm, your hearts trembling with fear, and nothing before you but death, whither would your thoughts turn? what would you do?" To this he received the unexpected reply from an old sailor, who, unable to repress himself, promptly said: "I would hoist the foresail and scud away for Squam!"

In this vicinity the rocks are fine and the shore bold, its outline forming the letter M with its top to the islands, not a foot of land now intervening between us and the Old World; yet we did not delay, but returned through the village and went to the north-west end of the island to view the remains of an old fort. On the way, we passed another burial ground, from which it appears that here the living are less numerous than the dead. It is generally the

case with islands; however fruitful in material products, they consume more than they yield; and if prolific as cradles, they are more bountiful as graves. But let us not meditate among the tombs.

The fort alluded to was in condition prior to the Revolution, and mounted nine four-pounders. When the war broke out they were removed to the main land. The work was constructed chiefly of stone, and could not have had very high walls. It was about fifty feet square. Here is where the Cross of King George floated in colonial times, when the people paid all due respect to the reigning power. One of the last entries in the record book, prior to the dispersion of the people, is dated March 11, 1775. I give it verbatim: "For histing the flag to Henry Andres, 20s." This was probably the final wages of loyalty, for in a few weeks New England was fairly rocked by revolution.

We went thence toward the landing again, passing on the way a fish-house that had been decorated with evergreen from the mainland, preparatory to holding a fair for the benefit of the school. The profusion of young forest trees, with which the place was decorated, led us to think that Birnam's wood had come to Dunsinane. Afterwards we rambled among the houses, and noticed a hotel in process of erection to take the place of an old one destroyed by fire. At the same time we suddenly heard a great shouting on the beach, which was taken up elsewhere, until all

Gosport rang with a hue and a cry, ending with a general rush of old and young for the boats. At first we thought that the island was going down, or at least that a school of porpoises had entered the cove; but ultimately it appeared that the uproar was caused by the arrival of a steamer from Newburyport, loaded with excursionists. In the ears of the Shoalites, the music of the brass band was of itself inspiring, but then what was all this compared with the five hundred dimes prospectively placed in their empty pockets? In their financial economy, it was as reviving as rain upon the parched earth. Accordingly every boy who could paddle a tub, put off from shore, the Town Clerk among the rest, with his yawl, the fleet of boats appearing around the great steamer, like so many minnows around a whale. Soon the whole party was safely put ashore, and went trooping among the rocks to find Betty Moody's Cave, and inaugurate a great day in Gosport.

As for ourselves, we quietly rowed to Haley's Island, or Smutty-Nose, distant one-fourth of a mile. Approaching the landing, we noticed a large brown house with the word "HOTELL" painted in huge letters on one end. At the landing is a wharf, on the east side of which there is room for a couple of vessels that are protected on the east side by a stone wall, which also connects a detached portion of the isle with Smutty Nose. In this inclosed situation a vessel is safe in the heaviest gale. This was built by the

person after whom the island was formerly called. How it obtained its present name I could not learn. The "Hotell" did not wear a very inviting appearance, and we passed by and went on a stroll over the island, where we found considerable grass land. In an unenclosed space was the grave of the builder of the dock. A plain stone bore the following rude inscription:

"In memory of Mr. Saml. Haley, who died Feby 7th. 1811 Aged 84. He was a man of great ingenuity, Industry, Honor & honesty, true to his country & A man who did A great publik good in Building A Dock & Receiving into his inclosure many a poor distressed Seaman & Fisherman in distress of Weather."

Near by may also be seen the Spaniards' Graves, where lie the remains of fourteen shipwrecked sailors, each marked by a rude stone. It is to their fate that Whittier refers when he brings forward his old fisherman, lean as a cusk from Labrador, who told of wrecks and storms, had seen the sea-serpent,

"And heard the ghosts on Haley's Isle complain,
Speak him off shore, and beg a passage to old Spain."

Of the islanders, nothing definite could be learned about this affair; but, in searching the records of Gosport, I found the following entry:

"Ship Sagunto Strand^{ed} on Smotinosse Ile Jan^y 14—
1813. Jan^y 15 one man foun 16th 6 mend found 21—
7 the Number of men yet found Belonging to said

ship twelve." The scribe dropped two in his addition.

From some old newspapers of the day, it appears that this ship was from Cadiz, loaded with provisions, and commanded by a Captain Don. She went to pieces soon after stranding, and a portion of the cargo, consisting of nuts and raisins, was thrown upon the shore, together with bales of clothing made of broad-cloth. It was also believed that the ship contained considerable money, as gold and silver coins were washed out upon the shore. The ship was of three or four hundred tons capacity, built of cedar and mahogany, and very old. One account says that, "Much credit is due to the inhabitants of these barren rocks for their instantaneous launching forth their boats in a violent snow storm, the moment they discovered the wreck, in hope of being able to rescue from a watery grave the crew of the ship." Mrs. Thaxter writes :

" O sailors, did sweet eyes look after you,
The day you sailed away from sunny Spain ?
Bright eyes that followed fading ship and crew,
Melting in tender rain ?

Did no one dream of that drear night to be,
Wild with the wind, fierce with the stinging snow,
When, on yon granite point that frets the sea,
The ship met her death-blow ?

Fifty long years ago these sailors died :
(None know how many sleep beneath the waves :)
Fourteen gray headstones, rising side by side,
Point out their nameless graves,—

The Isles of Shoals.

51

Lonely, unknown, deserted, but for me,
And the wild birds that flit with mournful cry,
And sadder winds, and voices of the sea
That moans perpetually.

Wives, mothers, maidens, wistfully, in vain
Questioned the distance for the yearning sail,
That, leaning landward, should have stretched again
White arms wide on the gale,

To bring back their beloved. Year by year,
Weary they watched, till youth and beauty passed,
And lustrous eyes grew dim, and age drew near,
And hope was dead, at last.

Still summer broods o'er that delicious land,
Rich, fragrant, warm with skies of golden glow:
Live any yet of that forsaken band
Who loved so long ago?

O Spanish women, over the far seas,
Could I but show you where your dead repose!
Could I send tidings on this northern breeze,
That strong and steady blows!

Dear dark-eyed sisters, you remember yet
These you have lost, but you can never know
One stands at their bleak graves whose eyes are wet
With thinking of your woe!"

This island is half a mile long and less in width. The land is flat. On the western part there is considerable good grass. A woman by the name of Pusley died here in 1795. She kept two cows somewhere on one of the isles, and cut in the summer all the hay they needed in winter with a knife. The poor woman's cows were taken by the British in 1775 and killed. To their credit we must add that they paid for them. It is related, however, that she was in-

consolable. The cattle and sheep do very well here now.

There are only a few buildings on the island, though once they boasted of an academy; and it is said, though I cannot verify the report, that at an early period students came here from the mainland to pursue their studies. Possibly they came as well to save their scalps as to improve the region situated underneath.

And speaking of houses reminds me of another story, to the effect that a storm once carried away one of the houses entire to Cape Cod, where it was tossed up on *terra firma*. They learned where it came from by some papers preserved in a box. It is an excellent story, at least.

This is a pleasant, sunny island where rambling will be found pleasant, even though the historical associations are of less interest than at Gosport.

As we returned to Appledore the yacht *Celia* was just leaving for Portsmouth, and the Brothers Loughton were giving a parting salute with the bell and horn, the latter an instrument about three feet long, which can at least boast of some power. We pitied from the bottom of our hearts the poor wights who were now returning to the world; but soon got over our concern for them and "sadly thought of the morrow"—the morrow, fated day—when we, too, must bid farewell to these sunny isles and in turn become the objects of commiseration.

Thus the bright days pass at the Isles of Shoals. After the round has thus been gone through, it then remains to be gone through again with variations, each time meeting some new view or odd adventure. For those fond of studying marine flora, there are unbounded facilities. At low water, in a sunny day, drift in your boat along past the northwest point of Star Island, at the right distance from the rocks, and observe, far down, the beautiful groves of waving fronds that fill this watery world, with the perch as tame as kittens, feeding upon salads of bright green sea-lettuce. By dredging we shall find that each successive depth has its peculiarities. There are zones on the mountains under the water, along those dim slopes that descend to the ocean's lowest depths, as well as on the heights above. If we could descend, what marvels should we behold! There the carnival of color is perpetual, running riotously through the whole chromatic scale, while the deep-sea fruits are ever ripening on their graceful stems. We have an earnest of what we might expect, both in the gorgeous coloring of the mosses that the waves toss upon the beach, and in the "salt lemons and oranges that come up on the dredge."

The flora upon the land is also more promising than it may appear at first sight. It is tolerably well catalogued in another poem by Mrs. Thaxter, entitled "Rockweeds."

The Isles of Shoals.

'So bleak these shores, wind-swept, and all the year
 Washed by the wild Atlantic's restless tide,
 You would not dream that flowers the woods hold dear
 Amid such desolation dare abide.

Yet when the bitter winter breaks, some day,
 With soft winds fluttering her garments' hem,
 Up from the sweet South comes the lingering May,
 Sets the first wind-flower trembling on its stem.

Scatters her violets with lavish hands,
 White, blue, and amber; calls the columbine
 Till, like clear flame in lonely nooks, gay bands
 Swinging their scarlet bells obey the sign;

Makes buttercups and dandelions blaze,
 And throws in glimmering patches here and there
 The little eyebright's pearls, and gently lays
 The impress of her beauty everywhere.

Later, June bids the sweet wild-rose to blow,
 Wakes from its dream the drowsy pimpernel;
 Unfolds the bindweed's ivory buds, that glow
 As delicately blushing as a shell.

Then purple Iris smiles; and hour by hour
 The fair procession multiplies; and soon
 In clusters creamy white, the elder flower
 Waves its broad disk against the rising moon.

O'er quiet beaches shelving to the sea
 Tall mulleins sway, and thistles; all day long
 Comes in the wooing water dreamily,
 With subtle music in its slumbrous song.

Herb-Robert hears, and princess-feather bright,
 While goldthread clasps the little skull-cap blue;
 And troops of swallows, gathering for their flight,
 O'er golden rod and asters hold review.

The Isles of Shoals.

55

The barren island dreams in flowers, while blow
The south winds, drawing haze o'er sea and land;
Yet the great heart of ocean, throbbing slow,
Makes the frail blossoms visible where they stand.

And hints of heavier pulses soon to shake
Its mighty breast when summer is no more,
When devastating waves swoop on and break,
And clasp with girdle white the iron shore.

Close-folded, safe within the sheltering seed,
Blossom and bell and leafy beauty hide;
Nor icy blast nor bitter spray they heed,
But patiently their wondrous change abide.

The heart of God through his creation stirs;
We thrill to feel it, trembling as the flowers
That die to live again,—his messengers
To keep faith firm in these sad souls of ours.

The waves of Time may devastate our lives,
The frosts of age may check our falling breath;
They shall not touch the spirit that survives
Triumphant over doubt and pain and death."





COAST OF ESSEX.

CHAPTER IV.

SALISBURY — MERRIMACK RIVER — NEWBURYPORT — PLUM
ISLAND — ROWLEY — IPSWICH — ESSEX — CAPE ANN.



TRAVELLERS approaching the coast of Essex County, Massachusetts, will experience no diminution of interest. This chapter, however, will include no more of the territory than is embraced in the region between Salisbury and Cape Ann.

Leaving the New Hampshire line, we enter East Salisbury, thirty-eight miles from Boston. The Eastern Railroad leaves tourists who travel by land within two miles of the famous Salisbury Beach, where the Atlantic House (for what is a beach without an "Atlantic" or "Ocean" house?) affords accommodations for hundreds of guests, who are annually attracted to this beautiful and healthful place. In this town was born Abigail Eastman, the mother of Daniel Webster. The beach, extending from the Hampton to the Merrimack River, contains about six miles of sand, and is reached by a plank road. Having gained the beach, we find that Nature has laid her own planks, or the equivalent.

In his poem on the Merrimack River, Whittier suggests the view that is had from this point. The island alluded to is Plum Island, whose northern end lies opposite, The poet, speaking of early voyagers to the coast, says :

“Centuries ago, that harbor bar
Stretching its length of foam afar,
And Salisbury Beach of shining sand
And yonder island’s wave-smoothed strand,
Saw the adventurer’s tiny sail
Flit, stooping from the eastern gale.”

Having left Salisbury, the rambler may cross the Merrimack, or, better, *ascend* it. In doing so, he should take along Thoreau’s book on the Concord and Merrimack Rivers, a work abounding in interesting information, He may also look at Whittier’s poem on the Northmen, who visited New England in the tenth and eleventh centuries. The Bard is pleased to send them on an excursion up this stream, which they may or may not have visited. He writes :

“Onward they glide, and now I view
Their iron-armed and stalwart crew;
Joy glistens in each wild blue eye,
Turned to green earth and summer sky;
Each broad, seamed breast has cast aside
Its cumbering vest of shaggy hide;
Bared to the sun and soft warm air,
Streams back the Norseman’s yellow hair.”

The name of the river is of Indian origin. De Monts, 1604-5, says that the Indians spoke to him

about a beautiful river, far to the South, called "Merrimack."

Newburyport is a city every way worth visiting. Its local histories will afford much entertainment to the visitor who has the time to examine them on the ground. The place is happily situated, and well laid out. Time would fail us to tell its quaint story, and we must pass it by, reminding the reader that here was the home of the eccentric Timothy Dexter, author of "Pickle for Knowing Ones;" and that here, under the Old South Church, repose the ashes of the great Whitefield. The situation is not elevated, yet Agameticus can be seen from this place, which possesses the customary appendages of an old New England town of thirteen thousand inhabitants.

For the purposes of our present work, barren Plum Island is of more account than well-shaded Newburyport. In fact, what would the city be without the island? Not one half so attractive, certainly. The place is easily reached, both by boat and carriage.

Plum Island bears north and south, and is nine miles long and less than one mile wide. It is included in the towns of Newburyport, Rowley and Ipswich; and is composed of sand drifted by the wind into dunes of various forms and heights. Says the author of the history of Newburyport:

"There is no native of Newburyport, and scarcely a stranger that has visited our city in the summer time, who does not retain vivid recollections of this fantastic

strip of land. To the minds of most, its associations and its social gathering of friends, of sea-side picnics with home companions and stranger guests; the eye recalls the sandy beach dotted with tents, the cloth spread on the clean yellow sand, surrounded with groups of young men and maidens, old men and children, the complacent pastor and the grave deacon, all enjoying together a day of unrestrained mirth and healthful recreation; some indulging in the exuberance of their wild delight amid the waves that roll their white crests to the feet of the more timid watchers, and others preparing the gondola for a return home, knocking away the poles that support the tents, or packing up the fragments of the feast preparatory to stowing them in the carriage, wagon or boat, that is waiting to carry the party home, just as the sun is setting behind the western hills. Thousands think of just such scenes as these when they see Plum Island, but there is another picture with a darker shade which comes between the eye and the heart at the mention of Plum Island. They are some to whom that name recalls a dark stormy night—the heavy moaning of the sea—a bark vainly striving to clear the breakers—blinding snow—a slippery deck—stiff and glazed ropes—hoarse commands that the cruel winds seize and carry away far from the ear of the sailor—a crash of tons of water beating in the hatches—shrieks which no man heard, and ghastly corpses on the deceitful, shifting sands, and the great ocean cemetery, still

holding in awful silence the lost bodies of the dead."

Turning from these sad memories, however, the tourist will incline, if he comes in September, to gather the beach plums which here abound. There is also the hotel and the lighthouse at the northern end.

The next town on the coast is Rowley, which, like many other places, boasts of its "Devil's Den." Asbestos, garnets and other minerals are found in the limestone. It is thirty-one miles from Boston by rail. In the history of the town we have an account of the very remarkable adventures and final escape of two men who, in 1786, went adrift on a hay-stack. In the old burial ground we have the following on the tombstone of one Captain Broadstreet :

"Friends & relations,
You might behold,
A lamb of God
Fitt for the fold."

We next stop at Ipswich, twenty-seven miles from Boston, where the Agawam House opens its hospitable doors. Here we get our last glimpse of Agamenticus, in passing southward, and at the same time appreciate something of the beauty of the promontory of Cape Ann.

Landward the view is also very fine. Plum Island lies off the shore. White men visited the coast at a very early date. The last chief of the Agawams was Masconnomet, whose body, after having been buried in

state, was inhumanly dug up, and the head carried around the town on a pole. Here may be found the Indian shell heaps, out of which are dug stone implements and other antiquities. Captain John Smith came here in 1614, and wrote: "This place might content a right curious iudgment ; but there are many sands at the entrance of the harbour, and the worst is, it is imbayed too farre from the deepe sea." His view was correct, and therefore Ipswich is a pleasant summer resort, instead of a large commercial town. The seashore affords many fine views and at evening suggests thoughts like the following :

" But look!—the yellow light no more
Streams down on wave and verdant shore;
And clearly on the calm air swells
The twilight voice of distant bells.
From Ocean's bosom, white and thin,
The mists come slowly rolling in ;
Hills, woods, and river's rocky rim
Amidst the sea-like vapour swim,
While yonder lonely coast-light set
Within its wave-washed minaret,
Half quenched, a beamless star and pale
Shines dimly through its cloudy vale."

Essex, on the border of Cape Ann, is a place not often written about, but nevertheless appreciated. It is an ancient place, once a parish of Ipswich, and called Chebacco, and was formerly devoted to the fisheries. Of late years attention has been turned to ship-building. In speaking of this place, we employ the language of another writer as follows :

“Do you desire to see a beautiful town, and people living in peace and primitive simplicity? Why, then, come down to old Chebacco for a day or two. You will find the veritable descendants of the original Pilgrims inhabiting the veritable grounds which these good men received from the English King,—bearing their names, their lineaments; thinking their thoughts; sustaining their principles, [?] and realizing their expectations. It would do your soul and body good to see these hardy men of Essex, to observe their thrift and industry, and to hear the stories which they tell of their exploits on the deep, or of the olden times. Or, if you love the summer breeze and the summer beauty—if you love to gaze on scenery—varied, picturesque, enchanting—ascend with me ‘White’s Hill,’ on a rosy morning. Turn your eye around from the towers of distant Ipswich inland to quiet Rowley, thence over hills of the deepest green to the silver shimmering of the beautiful Chebacco, as it winds among the vales beneath you; see it gleam among the foliage of the village at your feet, and now, dotted with sails, go sparkling in the early beam of day to mingle gently with the waters of the ocean. The spot where Chebacco first meets your eye reminds you of

‘That vale in whose bosom the bright waters meet;’

and at the confluence of this beautiful river with the ocean just before you, rises the rounded form of ‘Hog

Island,' the birth-place of Rufus Choate, prince of orators. But come and see the boats we build. None stauncher, trimmer, fleetier to breast the waves of ocean. Captain Kane had the good sense to sail from the North Pole in timber put together in Chebacco River. Our natural curiosity is 'Martin's Rock,' a mass of cloven granite blocks piled fantastically."



the
Hog



CAPE ANN.

CHAPTER V.

GLOUCESTER—TRAGABIGZANDA—ANNISQUAM—THE CANAL—
THE FISHERIES—NORMAN'S WOE—ROCKPORT—PIGEON
COVE—THE ISLES.

AFTER passing the interesting town of Essex, situated on an arm of Squam Bay, we turned in our tour to Cape Ann, entering at Gloucester. Cape Ann is what Captain John Smith called "the fair headland Tragabigzanda fronted with three isles called the three Turk's Heads." Tragabigzanda is that "sweetest" name to which Whittier alludes below, though he teaches that Smith *landed* at this cape, an incident that is not recorded in history. The poet says :

"On yonder rocky cape, which braves
The stormy challenge of the waves,
'Midst tangled vine and dwarfish wood,
The hardy Anglo-Saxon stood,
Planting upon the topmost crag
The Staff of England's battle flag;
And, while from out its heavy fold
Saint George's crimson cross unrolled,
'Midst roll of drum and trumpet's blare
And weapons brandishing in air,
He gave to that lone promontory
The sweetest name in all his story."

Cape Ann embraces the towns of Gloucester and Rockport, being divided into two parts by Annisquam River, an arm of the sea extending inward from Ipswich Bay. The principal harbor is on the south side of the town, being formed by Eastern Point. The cape is about nine miles long and six wide.

Annisquam Harbor is a haven at the mouth of the river bearing that name. It has a bar at the entrance, and is difficult of access. The surface is uneven, the highest point being "Thompson's Mountain," which is only fifty-five feet above the level of the sea. Pigeon Hill, in Rockport, the first land that you see coming from the east, is not so high.

The project of a cut through the narrow neck of land that divides Ipswich Bay from Massachusetts Bay, was suggested in 1638. Endicott was directed by the General Court to examine its feasibility. In 1643 the town voted to do the work, and the canal was used by vessels desiring to avoid the passage around Cape Ann, until 1704, when it was choked up. It was reopened in 1822, but was soon obstructed again, and permanently filled.

At the time of the original settlement, Cape Ann was covered with forests. But few trees now remain, and the landscape wears a wild and rugged aspect, on account of the rocks. A writer in the *Atlantic Monthly* gives the following picture of the place:

"The whole interior of Cape Ann, beyond Gloucester, is a continuous woodland, with granite ledges

everywhere cropping out, around which the high-road winds, following the curving and indented line of the sea, and dotted here and there with fishing hamlets. This whole interior is traversed by a network of footpaths, rarely passable for any wagon and not always for a horse, but enabling the pedestrian to go to any one of these villages to any other, in a line almost direct, and always under an agreeable shade. By the longest of these hidden ways, one may go from Pigeon Cove to Gloucester, ten miles, without seeing a public road. In the little inn at the former village there used to hang a map of this whole forest region, giving a chart of some of these paths, which were said to date back to the first settlement of the country. One of them, for instance, was called 'Old Road from Sandy Bay to Squam meeting-house through the Woods;' but the road is now scarcely even a bridle-path, and the most faithful worshipper could not seek Squam meeting-house in the family chaise. These woods are at last being devastated; but when I first knew that region, it was as good as any German forest. Often we stepped almost from the edge of the sea into some gap in the woods; there seemed hardly more than a rabbit-track, yet presently we met some wayfarer who had crossed the Cape by it. A piny dell gave some vista of the broad sea we were leaving, and an opening in the woods displayed another blue sea-line before; the encountering breezes interchanged odors of berry-bushes and scent of brine; penetrating

farther among oaks and chestnuts, we come upon some little cottage, quaint and sheltered as any Spenser drew; it was on no high-road, and turned its vine-clad gable away from even the foothpath. Then the ground rose and other breezes came; perhaps we climbed trees to look for landmarks, and saw only still farther in the woods, some great cliff of granite or the derrick of an unseen quarry. Three miles inland, as I remember, we found the hearthstones of a vanished settlement; then we passed a swamp with cardinal-flowers; then a cathedral of noble pines, topped with crows' nests. If we had not gone astray by this time, we presently emerged on Dogtown Common, an elevated table-land, overspread with great boulders as with houses, and encircled with a girdle of blue sea. I know of nothing like that gray waste of boulders; it is a natural Salisbury Plain, of which icebergs and ocean currents were the Druidic builders; the multitude of couchant monsters give one a sense of suspended life; you feel as if they must speak and answer to each other in the silent nights, but by day only the wandering sea-birds seek them, on their way across the Cape, and the sweet-bay and green fern imbed them in a softer and deeper setting as the years go by. This is the 'height of ground' of that wild footpath; but as you recede farther from the outer ocean and Gloucester, you come among still wider ledges, unsafe without a guide, and you find in one place a cluster of deserted houses, too difficult of access to remove even

their materials, so that they are left to moulder alone."

This is the only place in Massachusetts where the botanist finds the very beautiful plant called the *Magnolia Glaucus*. It belongs to a genus named after Magnol, a French botanist; and is of a family comprehending many beautiful trees and shrubs very common in the Southern and South-western states. The *M. Glaucus* grows to the height of about ten feet, and yields a fragrant flower through nearly the whole of the warm season. It occurs in a swamp, and does not flourish when transplanted.

This cape was early selected, and abandoned, as a fishing post; but those who understand the part taken by Gloucester in the fishing interest at the present day will be surprised to learn that it was given up on account of the "ill choice of the place for fishing."

The town of Gloucester is thirty-two miles from Boston by rail, and is a pleasant, wide-awake place. The hotels are the Pavilion and the Atlantic. The former is specially adapted for a summer resort. East Gloucester is situated two miles from the Gloucester depot.

The story of the Gloucester fishermen is a sad one. In 1862 over one hundred and thirty men were lost in a single gale. The annual loss in both vessels and men is fearful. Nevertheless a plenty of men are ready to engage in this dangerous business, which enlists representatives of many nations. Both the cod and

mackerel fisheries are extensively prosecuted, the various fleets employing from one to four thousand men. Many sail away singing:

“ Hurrah! the seaward breezes
Sweep down the Bay amain;
Heave up! my lads! the anchor!
Run up the sail again!
Leave to the lubber landsmen
The rail-car and the steed;
The stars of heaven shall guide us
The breath of heaven shall speed,”—

and yet have in their hearts the sad presentiment that they will never return.

In passing around Cape Ann in our southward trip, we leave Gloucester, and come to Pigeon Hill, in Rockport, a town that occupies the outer portion of the Cape, and which was originally a part of Gloucester. The great point of interest here is Pigeon Cove, situated about two miles from the railroad station. The highlands are now called “Ocean View.” The fishing and bathing are fine, and the fame of the place has spread far and wide. The massive rocks form fine artistic and geological studies, Houses of entertainment abound in the vicinity, and private enterprise is doing much to adorn the situation. A couple of mineral springs are also said to possess valuable qualities. The Pigeon Cove House accommodates two hundred guests, and affords an extensive view. The staple product of Rockport is granite. At the village of Squam may be seen the great Rocking Stone,

which is similar in its character to those described by Scott in "The Lord of the Isles," where he says :

"And some chanced-poised and balanced lay,
So that a stripling arm might sway
A mass no host could raise,
In nature's rage at random thrown
Yet trembling like the Druid's stone
On its precarious base."

The town of Rockport lies in Sandy Bay, the ancient name of the parish before it became a separate town. It is about four miles from Gloucester, and has a population of over four thousand inhabitants. In the absence of a natural barrier for the protection of the harbor, the Government has built a breakwater of stone.

The three principal islands off the shore of Rockport are known as Straitsmouth, Thatcher's and Milk Island. The first, or most northern, is separated from Cape Ann only by a narrow channel. It has also a light-house for the benefit of in-shore navigation. Thatcher's Island is the next and the largest, containing about eighty acres. It has a light-house. Milk Island lies a short distance south-west of Thatcher's.

We have already referred to the fact that Captain John Smith gave them a name, to commemorate his own prowess in slaying three Turks whom he met in single combat. Unfortunately the name did not hold. Thatcher, whose name has been perpetuated in connection with one of the islands, was cast away in the

neighborhood during the year 1636. With him was the Rev. Mr. Avery, of Ipswich, whose wife was saved, while their six children were lost in the deep. The place where the disaster occurred was called "Thatcher's Woe;" also, "Avery his Fall." The site is not positively known, yet it is highly probable that the true place is "Crackwood's Ledge."

Leaving Milk Island we run down the shore, pass Eastern Point with its light-house, and, turning northward, enter the harbor of Gloucester, noticing that the man at the wheel is here obliged to give very particular attention to the crooked channel.

On the westerly side of the harbor is Norman's Oh, or Woe, a large rock lying a few rods from the shore, and connected with it by a reef, which the sea leaves bare at low tide. The records of Essex County show that a Richard Norman sailed on a voyage from which he never returned. The tradition is that the name was given in remembrance of one Norman shipwrecked there. Kettle's Island is on the westerly side of the harbor, and is high and rocky. In the harbor are Five and Ten-Pound Islands.

On the west side of the harbor is also seen the old fort. During the late Rebellion it was refitted by the Government, which is now again suffering it to fall to decay. At the head of the harbor is seen the town, and near by, on the left, is another light-house. Pushing inland two miles on the Gloucester Branch Railroad, we come to West Parish; next to Manches-

ter, seven miles from Gloucester; thence to West Manchester, one mile farther. Beverly Farms is one mile beyond this point, being only five miles from the main track of the Eastern Railroad. All of these places are very pleasant, and many signs indicate that in the future there will be a considerable population. Here we leave the subject of Cape Ann.



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MASSACHUSETTS BAY.

CHAPTER VI.

BEVERLY — SALEM — LOWELL'S ISLAND — MARBLEHEAD —
SWAMPSCOTT — LYNN — NAHANT — BOSTON — QUINCY — HULL
— COHASSET — MARSHFIELD — DUXBURY — PLYMOUTH.

BYOND all question, Massachusetts Bay is a region of very great interest, not only on account of its venerable historical associations, but for the reason that it possesses natural attractions of a high order. This chapter will be devoted to the review of a trip made around the shores of the bay, from Cape Ann to Plymouth.

In leaving Cape Ann, the first point of interest you touch at is Beverly, an ancient town eighteen miles distant from Boston, and reached from that city by the Eastern Railroad. On the way by water, we pass between Great Misery Island and Baker's Island. On the latter stands a well known Light. The harbor of Beverly is pleasant and affords some good fishing, to which pursuit the town was once devoted. But manufactures now claim the chief interest. Any one fond of the seashore could pass a pleasant summer here. The place has interesting associations, in connection

with Roger Conant and John Balch. North Beverly, three miles distant, contains a portion of the Wenham Lake, a body of sparkling water more than fifty feet deep, nestling among the hills, and supplying the Salem Water Works.

We now come to Salem, sixteen miles from Boston, and famous in the annals of witchcraft, which form one of the vexed subjects of Massachusetts history. In fact there will be no end of discussion. Salem and its antiquities form a prolific subject, and those who would be acquainted with the story must repair to the local histories.

The Indian name of the place was Naumkeag. It was the first town founded in Massachusetts, after Plymouth. Roger Conant left Cape Ann and came to Salem in 1626, and John Endicott, Governor of the Plantation, reached the place two years later. It now has a population of twenty-five thousand. It was devoted to the East India trade at one time, and enjoyed something like a monopoly, though its maritime glory has departed, and the Custom House is the quietest place in the city, which is given to manufactures. A day here will give the visitor an opportunity of viewing many relics of the dark times of Witchcraft.

The Athenæum, and the Essex Institute are among the chief points of attraction. At these places may be seen many rare things brought from afar, as well as an excellent collection in the department of Natural History. The Essex House is the chief hotel.

The harbor and islands do not demand any labored description. The tourist must see them for himself. In this respect he will be amply repaid. Lowell's Island, with its hotel, forms a delightful summer resort. It is much frequented.

In swinging southward, the next peninsula that obstructs the way is that of Marblehead, a stony headland jutting out far into the sea. The town is four miles from Salem by railroad, and in times past has presented a quaint aspect. It is full of rocks, which appear everywhere, though much has been done to get them out of the way. In the earlier days Marblehead was one of the leading fishing ports, and had much foreign trade, but a change has taken place, and now the inevitable boot and shoe business is coming to be the principal thing. During all the wars that the country has been so unfortunate as to engage in, Marblehead has always borne a patriotic part, being first in war, and first in peace. The population is about seven thousand. The town is situated on the west side of a harbor formed by Marblehead Neck, which extends in a north-easterly direction a mile and a half, the land at the extremity being tipped by a lighthouse. As it is open towards the east, the harbor is exposed to severe storms from that quarter. Otherwise it is excellent, and easy of access. On the north-east is Cat Island, on the east, Tom Moore's Rocks, and at the south, Tinker's Island. The latter is uninhabited, and is resorted to by fishermen in search of cunners.

The Roaring Bull-Rock is close by, and will be discovered by the foam which makes around it.

On Marblehead Neck, during the warm weather, may be seen the white tents of parties camping out, as is the case in many parts of Cape Ann, reminding people thereby of those lines from "The Tent on the Beach:"

"When heats as of a tropic clime
Burned all our inland vallies through,
The friends, the guests of summer time,
Pitched their white tents where sea-winds blew."

Swampscott is the next summer resort that demands attention. Being convenient to Boston, possessing a fair beach, and excellent facilities for yachting, it has become one of the most fashionable of sea-side watering places. It possesses numerous hotels and boarding houses. Among the former, are the Lincoln, the Ocean, and the Great and Little Anawam Hotels. Says one summer visitor at this favored spot:

"Whatever else we do we can get up the most gorgeous sunsets here. The great Scene Painter spares no expense. They are infinitely grand in color, mass, proportion. I wish I could tell about one the other night. I have seen nearly half a century of sunsets, but remember none that approached this. Many nights we have had the west all glorious, gorgeous; but the clouds were not in mass. They were fragmentary, scattered, alternate. The sun-tints pervaded them thoroughly, and every particle was lighted, shad-

ing from the lesser golden to the completely golden, from the paler pink to the superb crimson, in all that delicate variety of shading you may not talk about. You can see it, but you cannot tell it, and you make a fool of yourself and of language if you try to. These had all been serene, making calm as themselves the gazer, and leaving the quieting, inspiring 'after-glow' along the horizon as within the spirit. But this—it was another thing. The day had been full of strangely angry clouds, which somehow, like some angry men, had done nothing all day long but threaten. They piled their huge volume all along the West, pile above pile, ethereal Alp on Alp—and you felt sure, every half hour, that they would hurl winds and waters and lightnings."

Leaving Swampscott, we proceeded a few miles southward, round Phillips Point, and find ourselves off Lynn Beach. The town was settled in 1629, and now has a population of twenty-nine thousand. All the world knows that Lynn is famous for its boots and shoes, particularly the latter. About the year 1750, the business was started by one Dagyr, who, after giving the town the benefit of his knowledge by instructing workmen, died in the almshouse. Poor Dagyr, from whose humble beginnings the prosperity of Lynn eventually rose, is not well known; yet who has not heard of the famous "Moll Pitcher," the subject of story and drama? On entering the city by the railroad is seen "High Rock," where the Fortune Teller lived;

and honestly, too, they say, at least, for a fortune teller. Lynn is also the place where Hiram Marble worked for sixteen long years drilling in the rocks, in search of hidden wealth, the existence of which he had been assured by "spirits." The hole made by him at Dungeon Rock, was about one hundred and thirty-five feet deep and about seven in diameter. Death put an end to his labors and his hallucinations in 1868. The scenery is fine. The view from High Rock is particularly good.

The beach is very much frequented. Some distance from the shore is the famous "Egg Rock," which is the lofty summit of a rocky hill partially buried in the bay. It is really a fine object, especially when seen from Nahant. In certain lights, its colors are exquisite. On the summit is a dwelling house, tipped with a small beacon light. The situation is beautiful and romantic, and the rock is difficult of access, on account of the surf, which breaks around its sloping sides.

Next comes Nahant, well known to the people of the country generally, as one of the most noticeable places on the coast of Massachusetts Bay. A rocky peninsula of metamorphic strata upheaved, shattered, and crossed and recrossed in every direction by broad veins of volcanic rock injected as molten lava, Nahant presents an equally interesting study to the picturesque tourist and the student of geology. One might imagine, when viewing the peninsula from a distance,

that what he sees is the remains of an enormous lion crouching in the sea. But, on a nearer approach, its real character becomes apparent, and the mass of rock by degrees resolves itself in its various constituents of cliff and jagged drong, among which the hungry sea has eaten out many a grotto, chamber and arch, or carved out "Pulpit" and "Castle" Rocks. Around these the winds howl and the waves roar in a most impressive manner. The rhetoricians exhaust their skill here in vain.

Nahant may be reached by carriage from Lynn, but the easiest route from Boston is by the steamer, which in the summer season makes several trips each day, carrying multitudes thither to picnic on the beaches, and lunch or fish among the rocks.

In many respects, Nahant is without a rival; and yet its fame, as a fashionable resort, is among the things of the past. In the year 1861, the gigantic attempt at hotel-keeping here inaugurated met its crowning disaster, by a fire which reduced the splendid structure, with all its costly conveniences and appointments, to an unsightly heap of ashes. The attempt will probably never be renewed, as the grounds have now passed into the hands of wealthy persons who have no interest in maintaining public houses near their beautiful villas. Nahant is therefore one of the most quiet resorts to which the people of Boston now resort, as the grounds specially appropriated to visitors are somewhat apart from the summer cot-

tages. A small hotel, of long standing, called Whitney's, accommodates the few transient guests who pass a night or two on the peninsula.

Nahant was largely indebted to Frederic Tudor for many of its improvements. The place is now very well stocked with trees, which take the place of those that the early inhabitants were in such haste to cut down.

Maolis,—an anagram of Siloam,—is the name of a Garden where many of the visitors are entertained; while the rest go rambling about, to visit Swallow's Cave, Irene's Grotto, Pulpit Rock, the Gorge, Castle Rock, Spouting Horn and Little Nahant; or else to fish or to bathe on some one of the many beaches. At this point the tourist will do well to examine the local guide books.

Artists in search of rock studies will here find a great variety, which at low tide ordinarily present both rarity of form and richness of color; while at the evening hour, bathed in the sunset glow, they appeared indescribably beautiful. In the summer season artists are daily found perched under the shadow of projecting masses of rock, making careful studies. Here and there our party, when visiting the place, found cross-sections of hexagonal basaltic columns like those of Giant's Causeway. They are quite rare.

We cannot, however, dismiss the subject of Nahant without first giving some account of the sea-serpent,

who makes the neighboring waters his favorite haunt, and whose periodic appearance fills the people with excitement. The subject has been the occasion of much jesting, and many imagine that such a thing as the sea-serpent is simply an impossibility. This, nevertheless, is not the judgment of scientific minds. The question is simply one of fact. Is the old race of Saurians extinct or not? Possibly not; and if not, such a thing may have appeared at Nahant. Many have given their testimony on this subject, under oath, before officers of the law, and believe that they have seen the monster. Henry Hudson, when on this coast in 1609, testified that his men saw a Mermaid, and he gives a particular description of the creature. But that is not now to the point.

Amos Lawrence, the Boston merchant, under date of April 26, 1849, wrote: "I have never had any doubt of the existence of the sea-serpent since the morning he was seen off Nahant by old Marshal Prince, through his famous mast-head spy-glass." Mr. Samuel Cabot, in a letter to Colonel T. H. Perkins, of Boston, says:

"I got into my chaise [at Nahant] about seven in the morning to come to Boston, and on reaching the Long Beach, observed a number of people collected there, and several boats pushing off and in the offing. I was speculating on what should have occasioned so great an assemblage there without any apparent object, and finally had concluded that they were some Lynn

people who were embarking in those boats on a party of pleasure to Egg Rock or some other point. I had not heard of the sea-serpent as being in that neighborhood, and the idea of the animal did not enter my mind at the moment. As my curiosity was directed towards the boat, to ascertain what course they were taking, my attention was suddenly arrested by an object emerging from the water at a distance of about one hundred or one hundred and fifty yards, which gave to my mind at the glance, the idea of a horse's head. As my eye ranged along, I perceived, at a short distance, eight or ten regular bunches or protuberances, and at a short interval, three or four more. I was now satisfied that the sea-serpent was before me, and after the first moment of excitement produced by the sight of so strange a monster, taxed myself to investigate his appearance as accurately as I could. My first object was the head, which I satisfied myself was serpent-shaped. It was elevated about two feet from the water, and he depressed it gradually to within six or eight inches as he moved along. I could always see under his chin, which appeared to be hollow underneath, or to curve downward. His motion was at that time very slow along the beach, inclining toward the shore. He first moved his head from side to side, as if to look about him. I did not see his eyes, though I have no doubt I could have seen them if I had thought to attend to this. His bunches appeared to me not altogether uniform in size; and, as he moved

along, some appeared to be depressed, and others brought above the surface, though I could not perceive any motion in them. My next object was to ascertain his length. For this purpose I directed my eye to several whaleboats at about the same distance, one of which was beyond him, and, by comparing the relative length, I calculated that the distance from the animal's head to the last protuberance I had noticed would be equal to about five of those boats. I felt persuaded by this examination that he could not be less than eighty feet long. As he approached the shore and came between me and a point of land which projects from the end of the beach, I had another means of satisfying myself on this point. After I had viewed him thus attentively for about five minutes, he sank gradually into the water and disappeared. He afterwards again made his appearance for a moment at a short distance. . . . After remaining some two or three hours on the beach, without seeing him again, I returned toward Nahant, and in crossing the Small Beach had another good view of him for a longer time, but at a greater distance. At this time he moved more rapidly, causing a white foam under his chin, and a long wake, and his protuberance had a more uniform appearance. At this time he must have been seen by two or three hundred persons on the beach."

James Prince, Marshal of the District, testifies that, "his head appeared about three foot out of

water ; I counted thirteen bunches on his back. My family thought there were fifteen. He passed three times at a moderate rate across the bay."

Now was this the trunk of a tree passing with the tide ; was it a horse-mackerel ; or was it the veritable "sea-serpent ?"

Leaving the Sea Serpent, however, and proceeding on our way, we next reach Chelsea Beach, which borders the city bearing the name of Chelsea. This is a fine beach of considerable length, with several hotels. The place is much frequented, and is reached from Boston by carriage, the route passing through the historic city of Charlestown, across the Mystic River. Of Charlestown itself, the scene of the famous battle of Bunker Hill, (which was fought on Breed's Hill where the Monument stands) we might write at any length. This is a place that tourists cannot well afford to pass without seeing. Among the places of peculiar interest are the Navy Yard and the State Prison.

From Charlestown we may pass into Boston by the bridges, which here span the Charles River. But Boston is not a place that we need to write about. The tourist will spend some days here, as a matter of course, visiting the points of interest around the harbor, as well as those within the city and suburbs. Guides will be found at every book-stall to assist him in the work of sight-seeing.

Leaving Boston by the Old Colony Railroad, we

come upon Savin Hill, a very interesting and picturesque place. From this region we have fine views of Boston Harbor. At a distance of eight miles from Boston we reach the ancient town of Quincy, settled in 1625, and called Mount Wollaston, after the founder. The early history of the place is of peculiar interest. It appears that after spending some time here Captain Wollaston did not find his expectations realized, and accordingly went to Virginia. In his absence one Thomas Morton "who had been a kind of pettifogger, of Furnival Inn," persuaded the people left behind to rebel against their leader, and to take up with shameless revelry. He accordingly changed the name of the place to "Merry Mount," where they lived a licentious life, gambling and corrupting the Indian women. Morton also enticed servants away from Plymouth, and sold arms and ammunition to the Indians. This naturally led to a bad condition of things, and the peace with the Indians was imperilled. The authorities at Plymouth therefore sent messengers to remonstrate with Morton. The first and second embassages, being of a peaceful character, failed, and only excited abuse. Finally, Captain Miles Standish was sent with an armed force to arrest them, when Morton barricaded the house, defied Standish, and excited his comrades to resistance by the means of strong drink. But in the end the little Captain was too much for them, and the rioters were marched to Plymouth, from whence Morton was sent on his way to embark for England. (See p. 183.)

Morton revenged himself by writing his famous "New English Canaan," wherein he gives an account of "the Revells of New Canaan." He says: "The inhabitants of Pasonagessit (having translated the name of their habitation from that ancient Salvage name to Ma-re Mount; and being resolved to have the new name confirmed for a memorial to after ages) did devise amongst themselves to have it performed in a solemne manner with Revels, and merriment after the old English custome; prepared to set up a Maypole upon the festival of Philip and Jacob; and therefore brewed a barrell of excellent beare, and provided a case of bottles to be spent, with other good cheare, for all commers of that day. And because they would have it in compleat form, they had prepared a song fitting to the time and the present occasion. And upon May-day they brought the Maypole to the place appointed, with drumes, gunnes, pistols, and other fitting instruments, for that purpose; and there erected it with the help of Salvages that came thether of purpose to see the manner of our Revels. A goodly pine of 80 foote longe, was reared up with a peare of buckshorns nayled one, somewhat neare unto the top of it: where it stood as a a faire sea mark for directions, how to finde out the way to mine Host of Ma-re Mount."

When the Maypole was up he says that "the Plymouth people viewed it as 'an Idoll;' yea, they called it the Calfe of Horeb! and stood at defiance with the

place naming it Mount Dagon; threatening to make it a woeful mount and not a merry mount."

Quincy is celebrated as the home of the family so prolific in Presidents, and for its inexhaustible quarries of granite.

The next point worthy of mention is Weymouth, the ancient Wessagusset, situated twelve miles from Boston. Soon after the settlement of Plymouth, one Thomas Weston, a London merchant, undertook a settlement at this place; yet it did not prosper, as the influence of Morton and his crew at Merry Mount was highly deleterious. Finally the savages became exasperated and laid a plan for the destruction of the whites. Intelligence of this plan fortunately reached Plymouth, and Captain Miles Standish marched with a chosen band, and surprised and slew some of the Indians, who were thus reduced to submission. When the news of this event reached those of the Pilgrims who had remained behind in Holland, it gave rise to the sad regret of Elder Robinson, who lamented that they had not converted some of the Indians before slaying any.

Hingham is the next point of interest reached. The tourist may go by water or by rail. In taking the steamer, he will have delightful views of the harbor of Boston, and see much that is interesting. Hingham was settled in 1635, and contains what is, perhaps, the oldest house of worship in the United States. The Old Colony House is the chief hotel.

Eighteen miles from Boston, by rail, we reach the famous summer resort known as Nantasket Beach. This place is included within the jurisdiction of Hull. It may be reached more directly however by steamers which run to the place from Boston touching at Hull; reducing the distance to twelve miles. The hotel is the well-known Rockland House, situated near the farthest steamboat landing. Some distance nearer Hull, a new town has been laid out and a hotel built. Ere long this latter place will doubtless take rank as a summer retreat for the people of Boston. Hull itself has long been known as a popular summer resort of Bostonians, who love its cool and refreshing breeze. The marine telegraph is located on the hill near the remains of an ancient fort erected during the revolutionary war by our French allies. But to enjoy this region fully, we need to be more or less upon the water, and sail along the coast. In doing so, or in taking the South Shore Railroad, the next point of interest will be Cohasset, with its "Rocks," famous in the annals of shipwreck and disaster. Cohasset was formerly a part of Hingham, but it is now a separate town, and a place resorted to by tourists. Fishing and fowling are both pursued with great zest and success. The "Glades" House is the hotel. Here, from the shore, may be seen Minot's Light, situated on a ledge out at sea. Scituate also has many of the advantages of the former place.

Eight miles from Cohasset is Marshfield, the home

of Daniel Webster, and the place where his ashes now rest, within the sound of the sea which he loved so well. At this place is located the Brant Rock House, reached by stage, a distance of four miles. Brant Rock is a place of growing importance as a summer resort, and will not be overlooked by tourists, who can here enjoy all the ordinary seaside pleasures.

A little further on is Duxbury, celebrated as the home of Captain Miles Standish, the great fighting man of ancient Plymouth Colony, whose "Courtship" has been rendered as memorable as his military adventures, by the Muse of Longfellow. Recently a monument has been built to perpetuate the fame of Standish, and a town has been laid out on the eminence known as "Captain's Hill." The place has a fair future before it, and is invested with many interesting historical memories and venerable traditions.

Here we are, however, treading upon the borders of Plymouth, whither we may go by stage, *via* Kingston, or else reach it by going back to the Old Colony Railroad.

The story of Plymouth has often been told, and yet it is never stale nor common. In approaching the place, the tourist looks in vain for some evidence that he is hard upon a "stern and rock-bound coast," and learns at last that Mrs. Hemans is as poor in geology as in history. Of rocks there are none, save one, the piece of granite which lies near (and perhaps on) the spot where the Pilgrims landed, and which is itself

a pilgrim. The region far and wide is composed of sand, a fact apparent more and more as we pass on and go over Cape Cod.

It was on November 9th, 1620, that the Mayflower cast anchor in the harbor of Provincetown, at the extremity of Cape Cod; and, after various adventures, the company of Pilgrims landed at Plymouth, December 22d, following. But why did they come over?

Mrs. Hemans, and certain orators tell us that they desired "freedom to worship God." But if that was the case, they need not have left Holland, where they already had all the liberty which they desired. Why then did they come over? Let this question be answered without the usual rhetorical embellishments of modern writers, by one well qualified to reply, Nathaniel Morton, the original Secretary of the Colony, and one of the company of Pilgrims. It will be necessary, however, to abbreviate the language. The reasons are as follows:—

First. Because they were of a different language from the Dutch, and could not reform anything amiss in them, especially their neglect of the Lord's day.

Second. Because they soon spent their estates, and were "forced either to *return back to England*, or to live very meanly."

Third. Their children were bowed by manual labor, and were in danger of becoming hopelessly corrupt, by evil companions.

Fourth. "Their posterity would in a few generations become Dutch."

Fifth. They hoped to make way "for the propagation and advancement of the Gospel."

Here, it will be perceived, there is nothing about coming over to establish freedom of worship or civil liberty. We have *both*, however, whether they intended it or not, and hence we need not dwell upon their failings. We should rather extol their virtues and remember the great debt that we owe their memories. But we can do this without setting up, in their behalf, any fictitious claims, as is too largely the fashion, since it is wholly unnecessary to indulge in gratuitous invention in connection with men of such sterling worth. We therefore omit here the customary guide-book quotations from oratorical effusions delivered at the various celebrations, effusions that are sadly at war with history and fact.

Having landed at Plymouth, December 22d, (now called Forefathers' day) on the 25th they commenced a small storehouse. It being Christmas day the Captain of the *Mayflower* treated the people with beer. Three days later, the entire company was divided into families and land assigned to each, though a large portion of the people still remained on board the *Mayflower*, then anchored in the harbor. On the first Sunday spent here only a part of the company was left behind. They had no minister, as Elder Robinson had been left behind; yet many of the pictures of

our day represent one of the company, clad in ecclesiastical garb. Mr. Cushman gave the people "lay-preaching."

During the first winter and spring disease raged, and Governor Carver and about fifty others died. On March 16th, the famous *Samoset* (see p. 225) entered their settlement and gave the memorable salute, "Welcome, Englishmen!" On April 5th, the *Mayflower* returned to England, having lost a large part of her crew. This season, however, they began planting corn and gained a fair crop. In course of time a fort was built on what is now Burial Hill, and all due precaution was taken against the Indians—and, through sickness and sorrow and disaster, the Colony gradually attained to considerable strength, until it was finally able to prosecute various industries with much success.

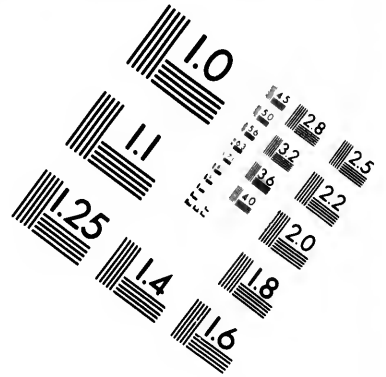
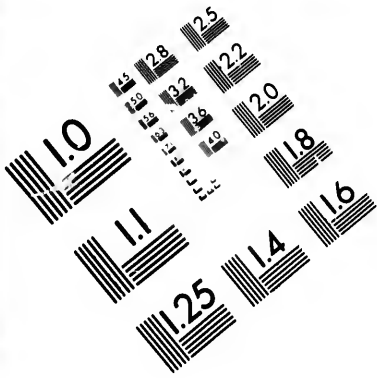
For the story of the Pilgrims, the reader should resort to the original accounts in "*Mourt's Relation*," and in the histories of Winslow and Winthrop, eschewing the trashy glosses of those descendants of the Pilgrims who have departed from the ancestral ways.

A day in Plymouth affords no little pleasure. First of all, the scenery around the town is, in many respects, very charming. One view, across the harbor, of "*Captain's Hill*" is said to resemble the Bay of Naples.

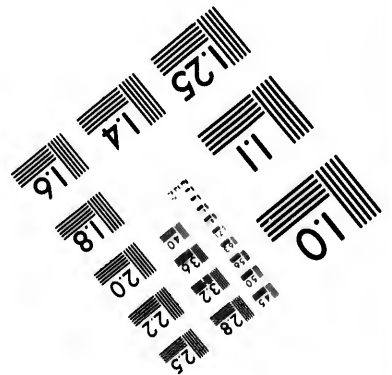
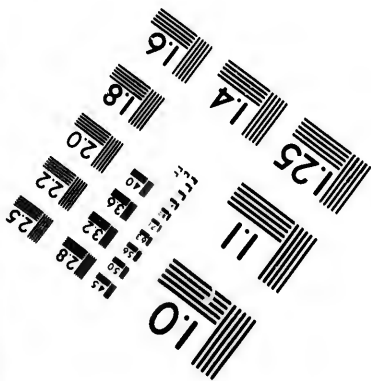
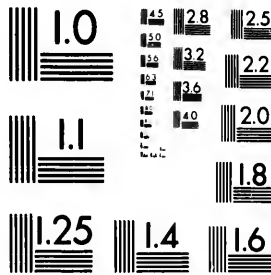
Excursions of all sorts await the visitor, both on land and water. Besides the well known Billington Sea, there are over two hundred ponds within the

limits of the town ; and one can fish at will in either fresh water or salt. Then the visitor will desire to visit Burial Hill where the ashes of the old Forefathers rest ; the Court House where are shown the original Colony Records and the Charter ; the Pilgrim boulder where the wanderers landed, and which is now covered with a lofty canopy of stone : and, last of all, Pilgrim Hall, stored with relics that have come down to us from the olden days. Here is seen a large picture of the "Landing of the Pilgrims," which represents them stepping on shore, arrayed in unusually good clothes and with spotless linen, the place being overhung by bold cliffs of rocks ; for artists and poets *will* insist upon the rocks, which, in the town of Plymouth, are as rare as diamonds. A smaller picture of the Landing also shows the harbor dotted with very dangerous looking obstructions of the same granitic character. These things appear to have been fancied by those who are incapable of discovering wherein the great virtues of the Plymouth Brownists lay, and suppose they demonstrate a heroic character by showing the many real and imaginary dangers which they encountered ; whereas, as regards physical danger, the settlers encountered less than many who had ranged upon the coast for the previous hundred years, attracted thither by smaller considerations.

Among the relics in Pilgrim Hall may be seen "the sword of Miles Standish," though the Massachusetts Historical Society at Boston shows, oddly



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enough, also, "the sword of Miles Standish." The visitor can here sit in "Governor Carver's Chair," and inspect any number of lesser relics of genuine interest. In front of the Hall, surrounded by an iron fence, is a piece of the original Rock of the size of a millstone, which was detached from the original mass in 1776, and which lay for some time at the base of the Liberty pole, erected by revolutionary patriots during the war.

Not far from the Hall, and opposite the depot, is the well known Samoset House, the principal hotel in the town; but a drive of five or six miles will take one to the Clifford House, beautifully situated beyond the harbor on the Bay Shore. Here, though unwillingly, we must drop the subject of Massachusetts Bay.





CAPE COD.

CHAPTER VII.

PROVINCETOWN—HIGHLAND LIGHT—WELLFLEET—EASTHAM
—ORLEANS—BREWSTER—HARWICH—CHATHAM—MALABAR
—DENNIS—YARMOUTH—BARNSTABLE—SANDWICH—MONU-
MENT.



THE next turn to the quaint old region of Cape Cod, which, we used to be told, was discovered by Bartholomew Gosnold, in the year 1602. Prior to this, the coast was well known.

In the eleventh century the Northmen in passing called it Wonder-strand, because, as they say in the Sagas, they were so long in passing by. Among the navigators who visited the region at an early day was the French pilot, John Allfonsee, employed by the famous Sire Roberval. After Gosnold's day the coast was frequently visited until the year 1620, when, on the eleventh of November, the Mayflower dropped anchor in the harbor of Provincetown. Here the Pilgrims drew up their articles of agreement, and elected their first Governor, John Carver, "a pious and well approved gentleman." But, as Plymouth was finally selected as the place of settlement for the

infant colony, this part of the Cape was abandoned to the Indians, and it was not until the year 1700 that Truro attracted the attention of the people.

The whale and other fisheries furnish employment either directly or indirectly for a majority of the people of the Cape; though considerable good farming is done, and no less than one third of the land is under improvement. The people are honest, temperate, bold, hardy and enterprising. The language of Edmund Burke may justly be applied to them when he says: "There is no sea that is not vexed by their fisheries; no climate that is not a witness of their toil."

Communication is maintained with the Cape both by the railroad, and by the steamer *George Shattuck*, which runs direct from Boston to Provincetown, making the trip in about five hours.

On landing in the fish-curing season, when whole cargoes from the Banks are on the flakes, we imagine that the forty different smells of Cologne have been concentrated into one. Add to this what Crabbe calls,

"The pungent odour of o'er boiling tar,"

and the effluvium is complete. Yet this season of vile smells is, on the whole, short, and even then the odors are confined to the vicinity of the strand. In a very short time, the tourist learns that he has fallen upon an agreeable and unique place. Much of the

formed barrenness has disappeared, and, in looking down upon the town from High Pole Hill, the houses, in many cases, appear to be well nigh lost in the foliage. We, however, speak of the "formed barrenness," without forgetting that the Pilgrims reported the soil rich, and a "spit" (spade) deep with earth. Vandalism made Cape Cod what it is. The early inhabitants cut down the forests, and everywhere exposed the country to the ravages of the drifting sand from the shore, so that at last a portion of the Cape has well nigh been buried. The people are now laboring bravely to rescue the soil from its encroachments. The woods at the rear of the town are being carefully preserved, and already there is a considerable growth of pine and oak, some of the latter spreading full fifty feet. In the town itself a few trees have attained to splendid proportions. We saw a number of willows about three feet in diameter.

We have already alluded to High Pole Hill, where the Town Hall stands. This, according to the Coast Survey, is ninety-eight feet above the sea. You arrive at the top with both shoes filled with sand, and find that Provincetown is a narrow tongue of land something in the form of a ram's horn, having a range of hills running through the northern part of its longer axis. But let us go up into the observatory of the Town Hall which forms a splendid outlook. Towards the ocean side, in the direction of Race Point, are several ponds, the largest of which is Shank Paint-

ers, and all abound in lilies. The eminence to the east is "Mount Ararat." But here, gentle reader, give place to no unseasonable ideas of towering height. This is by no means the lofty mountain upon which Noah's Ark grounded. The summit of Ararat is only one hundred feet above the sea. "Mount Gilboa" there by its side is six feet higher. These are the highest points in the vicinity, and are covered with beach grass, whortleberry bushes, and a few oaks and cedars. Looking down upon the town below, you see a thousand evidences of a persevering and inventive industry. The wharves, the stores, fish-houses, and the marine railway abound with laborers, and activity prevails in every department. A large number of vessels lie in the port, but the chief attraction on the water is the number of boats, especially in the fall, at the black fish season. Here you see the waters in which the Mayflower moored, after finding shelter from the storms.

The people of Provincetown are everyway highly intelligent and wide awake, having their schools, handsome churches, bank, and weekly newspaper.

There are various small hotels and boarding houses for the entertainment of visitors the year round. The best in the place, however, is "Gifford's," specially designed for the comfort of the summer tourist. It occupies the best situation in town, with invariably pure air, and a cool sea breeze. The table is excellent, and if the old inhabitants could return and look

into the dining room, to see well-to-do descendants dining handsomely with full courses, wherein fresh salmon takes the place of salt cod, they would feel some little surprise.

Many visitors pass the entire summer here, but we must journey on to Highland Light, about five miles distant. In doing so we may take the coach, or go on foot among the hills, following in the track of Miles Standish's expedition to Pamet Harbor in 1620, while the Pilgrims were resting in Provincetown harbor.

The explorers were sixteen in number, every man having "his musket, sword, and corselet." To these were "adjoined for counsel and advice," William Bradford, Stephen Hopkins, and Edward Tilley. It was on the fifteenth of November that they were set ashore (probably near the western extremity of the harbor), where they formed in single file, with their doughty little Captain at the head. A strange-looking band, no doubt, cased as they were in their antique armor and shouldering their cumbersome matchlocks. The expedition marched along the shore for a mile, which brought them to a point near the centre of the present town. Here "they espied five or six people with a dog coming towards them, who were savages; who, when they saw them, ran into the wood and whistled the dog after them." Standish at once followed, but could not overtake them. The day it appears was soon spent, and they

encamped for the night, near Stout's Creek, which is now filled with sand. When morning dawned, they followed the trail of the Indians across the neck of land which connects the two townships. This neck is from three to four miles in length and of great elevation, being composed of pure white sand. Seventy years ago it was studded with stumps of trees which had been choked by the upward march of the drift, but every vestige of these long since disappeared. This elongated hill forms a most impressive object. Viewed at early dawn, when the fog from the Atlantic, purpling in the rising sun, bathes the vast sand-drift in a soft amethystine light, the sight is one capable of exciting the deepest admiration. Such must this display ever appear to all impressible minds, whether viewed in the purpling light of morning, in the bright effulgence of the sun's meridian splendor, or at evening when the naked waste gloams fitfully in the weird, supernatural twilight. Then the solitary and belated tourist, as the solemn voice of the surf salutes his ear, will often start involuntarily; and as the dim forms darkle around him, the air seems to grow thick and tangible, and he becomes half-conscious of the presence of some great all-pervading spirit.

Following the course of Standish, within the sound of the sea for about two miles, we arrive opposite a cliff, projecting into the inclosed harbor, and dividing it into two forks, which here assume the char-

acter of salt meadows. By the early settlers this cliff was called "Cormorant Hill," but by the Indians it was known as "Kerconcoget." In the year 1714, a whale's jawbone, "set in the ground near a red oak stump," at the easterly side of this elevation, marked the boundary line between "Province Land," (Provincetown) and the present town of Truro. It is now called "High Head." Two miles further on, we reach the "Head of the Meadow," one mile from the Light. Here we leave the Pilgrims to go, in imagination, southward, *via* Pond village, to Pamet, where they help themselves to the Indians' corn, and then return to the Mayflower,—while we go on to Small's, the traveller's Rest of these parts.

With larger accommodation, this place would become the favorite resort of a multitude, as it is now of only a few. It is a singular spot, in every respect, and those who resort to it come summer after summer with increasing satisfaction. Here one may be as unfashionable as he pleases.

Near by are the Cliffs of Highland Light, a delightful situation from whence to view both land and sea. Standing upon the precipitous cliffs, which rose to Gosnold's view a "mighty headland," we peer far out over the blue Atlantic. This is the Land's End of Massachusetts; and the waves roll, unbroken by reef or skerry, between the beach down at our feet and the Land's End of Cornwall.

Looking down the dizzy cliffs, the shining shore is

seen below. At low water, there is fine surf bathing behind the bars. Generally there may be seen along the shore the remains of some wreck. And speaking of wrecks, reminds us of the stormy days spent here, in which we vindicated the belief of the Ettrick Shepherd, who declares that there is after all no such thing as bad weather.

Supposing it to be such a day, therefore, we will make our way against the rising gale to the cliff, where the Lighthouse stands, and take a view from thence.

“Come on Sir, here’s the place:—Stand still; how fearful
And dizzy ’tis to cast one’s eyes so low.”

But you need not fear being blown off, as the wind is from the sea. This place is called the Clay Pounds. A short distance to the left we may find a zig-zag path that leads down to the shore to a point where the beach widens, and where you may venture with perfect safety, and get a view of the face of the cliffs. They prove to be composed chiefly of clays, variegated by oxides of iron and manganese, and are said by the geologist to be identical with the clays at Gay Head, though as yet none of those marvellous fossils which abound at the Vineyard have been found here. The gale increases in force, and the waves, now “big with uncommon thunders,” burst upon the beach, with a sound that is almost appalling. Here there are no rock-ribbed shores to contest the passage of the waves,

so that the surf presents an aspect totally different from that seen at such places as Nahant, where the flinty bastions of trap and greenstone are flung out to meet the billows half way, and batter them in pieces. Here the waves break unmolested on the smooth, sandy beach, presenting at your feet a miscellaneous offering of jasper pebbles, quahogs and silvery mussels. If you want that bit of jasper, seize it, for the sea never bandys compliments or urges its gifts upon the most sincere admirer, and the undertow of that huge tenth wave now coming will draw the pebble back in its fearful maw and grind it up with a cart-load of its fellows.

But if you do not like a stormy, take a fine autumn day, and wander away over the dunes among the beach-plum bushes, or through the wood-lands. Loiter there on a hazy afternoon, and observe the magic of light as it plays on the russet heath. How delicious the crisp of the moss to our metropolitan feet! The haycocks, the saline spoils of the meadow, gleam like hives of gold. How the whortleberry flames! See that blazing bramble-bush, all on fire from the slanting rays of the declining sun, which now looks

“With the eye of love through golden vapors around him,”

and transfigures every object. The effect is soothing in an eminent degree, and suggestive of the calm experienced by Frithiof when he came repentant to Balder's sacred fane:—

"Yes, 'twas as he felt the heart of nature beat
Responsive to his own; as if, deep-mov'd he'd press
In brotherly embrace Helmskringla's Orb, and Peace
Straight make with all the world."

On such days occurs the *mirage*, than which nothing is more frequent or beautiful. The Cape here is hemmed in by two atmospheres, varying greatly in clearness and density. Hence the variable temperature will often play the most extravagant pranks with laws of light, and sometimes lead the stranger almost to doubt his own identity. Often, on such a day, when earth and sky are bathed in a hazy, dreamy, undulating light, the glowing heath will rise all around you, and every object assume the strangest phase. Seaward and landward the effect is the same. On the ocean, phantom ships are seen crowding on sail for phantom ports; while in the distant bay are distorted spectral shapes that appear sufficiently grotesque for the wraith of the *Mayflower*, and we almost expect to see Miles Standish and his mail-clad retinue issue from out the neighboring woods.

There is good shooting in this vicinity at the season, though High Head is the favorite stopping place of the fowler. The antiquary will also find a plenty to do digging among the shell-heaps, or looking up the Indian graves; and all will find abundant rest and quiet, as the community of the Light is composed of only five or six houses.

Truro, in which township Highland Light is included, has seen many reverses. It has sad and touching

memories, for it has lost as many as sixty of its best men in a single gale. The place has known every variety of fortune, and scores of the houses in the different parts of the town have been taken down and removed to Provincetown. Tourists who knew the place many years ago find it greatly changed and, on the whole, for the better—though there appears to be no falling-off of the *sand*. This reminds us of the remark of one who says: "Scenery of this kind would be regarded as extremely dreary, were not the desolation carried to such an extent as to be interesting by its novelty."

The annals of Truro, in common with those of the other Cape towns, are particularly interesting; and those who desire to be fully informed, should consult Freeman's History. The town was originally called Dangerfield; its Indian name was *Pamet*. The people, until recently, preserved the old Puritan element, which came in at the original settlement in 1700,—in a remarkable degree. One of the perquisites of the minister was the dead whales that drifted ashore. One of the old pastors was famous for his prayers, wherein he asked for a "side wind, so that ships might pass and repass."

Three-fourths of a mile from the Light is prosperous "Pond Village," situated around the borders of a swamp to whose care Miles Standish committed a kettle which he took from the Indians at Pamet Harbor.

The next point of interest is Wellfleet, about fifteen

miles from Provincetown, which is reached at present by stage, though, ere long, the railroad will be completed to the end of the Cape. On our way, we pass through South Truro near Pamet Harbor. On the north side of this harbor is the place known as Cornhill, where Miles Standish found the corn.

As we proceed from the vicinity of the harbor, the scrub oaks and small pines are in many places superseded by forests, and the country becomes more rolling in its character. From the top of the coach, the tourist will perceive several charming little lakes or ponds, formed in depressions caused by vast icebergs; at least so Agassiz says. And, for the time, he may imagine that he has been utterly deceived in regard to the character of Cape Cod. But while he does not return to the desolation which marks lower portions of the Cape, he soon loses sight of this really charming region, and finds the landscape prosaic.

At Wellfleet, he repairs to "Holbrook's," or some similar place. Wellfleet is a thriving community devoted to the fisheries. The harbor is somewhat poor, and at low tide there is a depressing area of flats, yet one who likes such places will find that the summer soon slips away. There is fine sailing in the harbor, which is formed by Billingsgate Point.

Eastham is the next town, famous formerly for its Camp meeting, now transferred to Yarmouth; and at the end of ten miles from Wellfleet, in a direct line, we touch Orleans. The next station is Brewster,

four miles further on. From this point the road deflects south, five miles to Harwich. To the east of Harwich is Chatham, with a sandy cape known as Malebar, the *Mallebarre* of Lescarbott and Champlain, near which place, in the expedition of 1606, they found the shallow harbor which they called Port Fortune. Many changes have taken place since that day, and it would now be almost impossible to identify the precise spot.

From Harwich to Yarmouth Junction, passing through Dennis, is about ten miles. Three-fourths of a mile from the Junction are the grounds of the Yarmouth Camp-meeting, which, in many respects, rivals that of Martha's Vineyard. The village of Yarmouth is also situated near the Junction.

From this point to the pleasant and flourishing town of Hyannis, in Barnstable, the distance is four miles; from thence there remains about a mile to the Port, where the train lands the tourist on the wharf, and he can step directly on board the steamer, which runs to Nantucket, distant thirty miles. Hyannis has derived its prosperity from the fisheries, which, in the season, give the harbor, with its long breakwater, a lively appearance. All these places have the ordinary attractions of the Cape for summer visitors.

Returning to Yarmouth Junction, we proceed two miles to Barnstable, a very pleasant town. The harbor has a bar in front which will not admit large craft. To West Barnstable, the distance is four miles; and

thence to Sandwich, four miles more. Here are the Glass Works, which form a distinct feature in the prosperity of the place. Six miles more take us to the village of Monument, at the head of Buzzard's Bay.

In taking this tour we leave the Marshpee Indian District to the South, as well as Falmouth, and the village and harbor of Wood's Hole, which are included in the township.

Monument is about sixteen miles from Wood's Hole, and Falmouth is about twelve miles. The latter place is really a delightful retreat for those who love a quiet summer. Of Wood's Hole and Falmouth Heights, and Cotuit Port, we shall speak in the following chapter on Martha's Vineyard.





MARTHA'S VINEYARD.

CHAPTER VIII.

WOOD'S HOLE—FALMOUTH HEIGHTS—COTUIT PORT—
HOLMES' HOLE—OAK BLUFFS—CAMP MEETING—GAY
HEAD.



MARTHA'S VINEYARD is a place of very superior attractions, and is reached either from New Bedford or Wood's Hole, and in both cases by steamer. The distance from New Bedford is about thirty miles, while from Wood's Hole it is not more than nine or ten. The route from New Bedford affords fine views of various of the Elizabeth Islands.

But before crossing Vineyard Sound we should remember that we have to visit Falmouth Heights, situated on a bluff overlooking the Sound. As a summer resort this place now bids fair to become a rival of Martha's Vineyard. It is a small city made up of gems of summer cottages, and is almost in sight of Falmouth village, with which it is connected by carriages. There is a large hotel at the Heights, and every seaside attraction desirable. The extension of the Monument Branch of the Cape Cod Railroad, now does away with the long ride in the coach, as

the present distance from the railroad is hardly worth mentioning.

Farther south is Cotuit Port, also on the Sound, and here may be found another charming summer resort, where one can, as at the Heights, live at a moderate cost. The Santuit House is well kept; and the bathing facilities are unequalled. The Port is reached by stage, the place being situated about six miles from the main line of the Cape Cod Railroad.

Wood's Hole itself, it should here be observed, is a delightful little place in which to summer, with its fine air, double harbor, excellent drives and rambles, and opportunities for fishing and yachting. The extension of the Cape Cod Railroad from Monument has rendered it more accessible, as it may be reached from Boston by land. It is also the new point of departure for Martha's Vineyard. Taking the steamer at this place, in the course of an hour we find ourselves at the landing at the Vineyard, which for many years has been celebrated as the place for the annual camp meeting.

This gathering was originally commenced by a handful of the powerful denomination of Methodists, who resorted to the Vineyard for a week of prayer. It has now, however, grown to be a place of popular resort, and thousands come here for the entire summer, living in tents and cottages, which are often elegantly furnished. The camp meeting is still maintained for ten days, in the month of August.

Outside of the grounds expressly devoted to camp meeting purposes, Oak Bluffs, quite a large town, has sprung up, with well kept streets, a number of hotels, and every precaution to insure order and comfort. This remarkable institution must be seen to be appreciated, as the place is really a wonder.

After touching at Wesleyan Grove, the steamer goes on to Edgartown, a quiet place a few miles further on, where tourists in search of a resting place can spend a few weeks to great advantage. The place is well supplied with boarding houses and hotels.

But for those who may not care for the gala scenes of Wesleyan Grove, Gay Head, at the west end of Martha's Vineyard, will present considerable attraction, it being, on the whole, a very remarkable place. In going thither, the best point of departure will be Holmes' Hole, a town close by the camp meeting landing. The best way of reaching Gay Head is to go by land. The journey to and fro, with the time spent there, will occupy a long day. Yet the air on the island is bracing, and the visitor often does here not feel the fatigue as elsewhere. The Cliffs derive their name from the variegated clays of which they are composed, and which, under the proper conditions, glow with rainbow hues.

The road thither passes for a long distance through the stunted oaks which everywhere abound, and which, in a great measure fix the character of the

woodlands. In this part of the island, strangers will admire the trailing mosses with which the trees are festooned, and which give such a solemn funereal aspect to the gnarled, twisted, and wind-blown oaks. One might imagine that the "spirit of the wood" were dead, or that some Dryad or Hamadryad had recently deceased, and that the rural court had put on mourning. Elsewhere, the prospect is more varied and attractive. From an eminence, we had frequent glimpses of the ocean, while all along the route, the eye was pleased with the little lakes nestling among the green hills or bordered by handsome fields and orchards. Many of the residences scattered over the island give evidence of genuine taste on the part of the proprietors. This is evinced more particularly in the disposition of the trees, shrubbery and the well kept lawns. At the present time agriculture is the chief pursuit, though at a former period there must have been a larger degree of fruitfulness. One marked feature in the landscape, is the immense number of huge boulders, which were dropped out of the maw of some post-pliocene deluge and scattered, broadcast over the face of the country. At a distance some of these boulders appear like houses built into the hillside, or again like herds of grazing elephants.

The west end of the Island is appropriated to the Gay Head Indians, who own in common every part of the territory which is not actually under cultivation.

In coming hither some of our party had indulged in the faint hope of getting a glimpse of primitive Indian life and manners. We should see a wigwam at least ; but the natives appear on the whole to be very proper and decorous persons, having no barbarous customs, and using less war paint than many a city belle.

The approach to the Cliffs is somewhat wild and picturesque. For the last three miles the road is rough and rocky, and within half a mile of the lighthouse the land rises gradually, sweeping away upward to the edge of the cliff, which forms good pasturage for numerous herds and flocks. Here the traveller is obliged to moderate his pace. Dyer's lines avail now :

Such the slow-climbing wilds that lead the step
Insensibly to Dover's windy cliff,
Tremendous height ! and such the clovered lawns
And sunny mounts of beauteous Normanton,
Health's cheerful haunt.

From the door of the light-keeper's cottage the prospect is beautiful. Land, lake and sea stretched out as far as the eye can reach, and the lover of the picturesque is never weary of the view. You come upon the edge of the cliff before you are hardly aware of it. Let us go thither.

Shakspeare's description of the Dover Cliffs applies almost equally as well to these, though the crow and his sable cousin, the chough, seldom fly here, and for "samphire" we must read "sharks teeth." But let

us descend. Proceed carefully, else you will "topple down headlong." The way lies through a gorge in the cliff, in which, according to the Indian tradition, a giant named Manshop once lived. This person was friendly to the Indians and used to catch whales for them, and afterwards pull up the trees by the roots to make a fire to roast them with. Here in the upturned strata may be found the bones of the seal, the whale and the walrus, together with great quantities of lignite, a fossil wood resembling charcoal. These remains, the simple Indian thought attested the truth of his story. Fifty years ago the people used to tell visitors that flames were occasionally seen to issue from this gorge. Though a few bones have been found resembling the remains of the monkey, the disciple of Darwin never comes here in search of his ancestors.

But now we reach the smooth, hard beach, and instead of the "murmuring surge" we listen to the "loud-sounding-sea," and gaze upward with admiration upon the beautiful cliffs which reflect all the hues of the rainbow. Parties frequently sail round the Head on purpose to gain a view of it from the sea. They are said to appear to the greatest advantage streaming with moisture after a storm, and at sunset, when they gleam with crimson and amethyst. The cliffs owe their brilliancy to the marls, clay and green sand. The clays are stained with iron, but also contain thirty per cent. of pure alum. Cargoes are purchased of the

proprietors for the purpose of extracting this valuable mineral ; and at the time of our visit piles of the clay, destined for Salem's drowsy dock, lay upon the beach awaiting transportation.

We spent but two or three hours here, though every hour ought to have been a week. If some more expeditious method could be devised by which to reach this part of the island, thousands would soon find their way hither, and Gay Head would become one of our most popular summer resorts. It was with great reluctance that we left the beach and climbed up through the slippery gorge where old Manshop is said to have dispensed such elegant hospitalities to his friends the Indians.

Perhaps, however, the reader after all would like a description of Gay Head. In that case we can hardly do better than to give some lines from Talfour's description of Alum Bay in the Isle of Wight, where we find the same geological formation. He says of Nature :

Within the foldings of the coast she breathes
Hues of fantastic beauty. Thread the gorge,
And, turning on the beach, while the low sea
Spread out in mirror'd gentleness, allows
A path along the curving edge, behold
Such dazzling glory of prismatic tint
Flung o'er the lofty crescent, as assures
The Orient gardens where Aladdin pluck'd
Jewels for fruit, no fable,—as if earth,
Provok'd to emulate the rainbow gauds
In lasting mould, had snatch'd its floating hues
And fix'd them here; for never o'er the bay

Martha's Vineyard.

Flow a celestlal arch of brighter grace
Than the gay coast exhibits; here the cliff
Flaunts in a brighter yellow than the stream
Of Tiber wafted; then with softer shades
Declines to pearly white, which blushes soon
With plnk as delicate as autumn's rose
Wears on its scattering leaves; anon the shore
Recedes into a fane-like dell, where stain'd
With black, as if with sable tapestry hung,
Like pinnacles rise taper; further yet
Swells out in solemn mass a dusky veil
Of purple crimson,—while bright streaks of red
Start out in gleamlike tint, to tell of veins
Which the slow-winning sea, in distant times
Shall bare to unborn gazers.





NANTUCKET.

CHAPTER IX.

SIASCONSET—THE ATHANÆUM—WHALING—FISHING.



NANTUCKET is an island about fourteen miles long and three or four wide, lying out in the Atlantic thirty miles from Cape Cod. The morning train from Boston leaves the tourist on the wharf at Hyannis, where he takes the steamer, which, in about three hours, lands him on the island. Here he will find a comfortable and well managed hotel, the Ocean House.

Nantucket was formerly a live place, but the decline of the whale fisheries took away a great portion of the business, and to-day it is a quaint old resort, which, but for summer, would not exist. The place was first settled in 1659, and the local guide book which may be had for a shilling, will (eloquently) describe all that the tourist is expected to see. The first thing, however, that one should do is to go over to Siasconset and view the beach and the breakers. His own stout legs will "do" the requisite distance, if he scorns the aid of the beach wagon. But, eschewing Siasconset, he may wander at his own sweet will,

and find pleasant scenes and sweet and fresh air almost anywhere. To the Athenæum he will go, of course, and view the curiosities which have been collected by the inhabitants, who have sailed in every sea.

This island was no doubt, known more or less by the Northmen, who visited these regions at the close of the tenth, and at the beginning of the eleventh century. The first modern colonists landed in 1659, having come thither from Salisbury, Mass. These were Thomas Macy and his family, who had incurred the displeasure of their friends by the harboring of four Quakers, who sought protection during a storm. This island being at that time under the jurisdiction of New York, Mr. Macy was safe from persecution.

The local history tells us that the first spermaceti whale was killed in 1712, and that this circumstance led to the fitting out of a vessel for a six week's cruise, and afterwards to great prosperity. In 1791, Nantucket whalers started for the Pacific. At that time the Beaver, Capt. Paul Worth, doubled Cape Horn, and was gone seventeen months.

The island was originally well wooded and well peopled by the Red Men; the last of whom died many years ago, and is immortalized by having his portrait hung up in the Athenæum. They were nearly all swept away by an epidemic in 1764. In 1846, a great fire well nigh destroyed the town; and at the present time the inhabitants have been reduced from upwards of nine to four thousand. There is fine sea-bathing:

and admirable fishing to be enjoyed. Shark catching forms a great source of sport, and the process is well described in an article to be found in Harper's Monthly.



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THE ELIZABETH ISLES.

CHAPTER X.

NAUSHON—PASQUE—NASHAWENA—CUTTYHUNK.

THE ELIZABETH ISLES. Elizabeth is the pleasant name given to a string of beautiful islands that stretch southwest from Wood's Hole, which forms, so to speak, the heel of Cape Cod. The nearest to the main land is Naushon, to reach which one crosses a narrow strait, full of dangerous rocks, and through which the steamer takes her devious way, stemming a violent tide. With an experienced boatman familiar with the place, the passage is easily made in a small boat. Strangers should take care lest the boat *trips* when the wind and tide suddenly become opposed. This island of Naushon is a delightful place, and is the private property of John M. Forbes, Esq., of Boston. It has some noble forests, and an abundance of deer, in connection with which the proprietor gives an annual hunt. This is the resort of artists, who find many fine sea-coast studies. The island is about eight miles long, and has some beautiful drives. On the east side is Tarpaulin Cove,

which at certain times presents a forest of masts, owing to the number of wind-bound vessels. Next in the string of Islands is Pasque; thence comes Nashawena; near by are the "Sow and Pigs;" and finally comes famous Cuttyhunk, where, in the year 1602, Bartholomew Gosnold undertook to form a settlement, and where he actually began planting. On a little island, in the centre of a pond, a small fort was built, all traces of which have now disappeared. From a distance the island appears quite sightly. Some years since the Massachusetts Historical Society held an informal meeting at this place, for the purpose of studying the situation, in connection with the historical associations. There are only a few houses on the island, which has been leased by a New York club. In the summer season, a small steamer makes regular trips to the island from New Bedford. This entire region is characterized by many attractions; and the summer tourist who takes the pains to explore the island will find himself amply repaid.



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BUZZARD'S BAY.

CHAPTER XI.

MONUMENT — MARION — MATTAPOISETT — FAIRHAVEN —
NEW BEDFORD.

BUZZARD'S BAY. Buzzard's Bay is formed by an arm of the sea entering the southern part of Massachusetts, and reducing Cape Cod almost to an island. The distance across the narrow neck of land at the head of the Bay is only a few miles. The importance of completing the connection between Buzzard's Bay and Cape Cod Bay was so obvious that the Pilgrims suggested a canal, while Washington in his day, urged it upon Congress. As a matter of economy, at least, this work will one day be finished; the *millions*, even, required to complete the ship canal being prospectively saved by the decrease of wreckage and insurance on the dangerous outside voyage between New York and Boston. The day is therefore coming when Buzzard's Bay will be alive with a great commerce; but at the present time it is a quiet place indeed, its shores being dotted only here and there with very quiet towns.

In striking the eastern shore, we find pleasant



scenery. Two or three miles north of Wood's Hole, is the charming little harbor of Quesset, where there are a few houses, and in the summer a handful of visitors. But we come at no considerable village until we arrive at Monument, at the head of the Bay. We do not care, however, to linger here, but pass over to the west side of the bay and find pleasant summer resort at Marion, on the Fairhaven Branch Railroad. It has an excellent hotel, the "Great Hill House," with fine scenery, bathing and drives.

In passing down the west side of the Bay towards New Bedford, we reach the Mattapoissett House, admirably kept by Mr. J. A. D. Worcester. This is a remarkably quiet place, containing a population of about sixteen hundred. The fisherman will here enjoy great sport, as tautog, bass, blue fish, &c., are very abundant. For a description of the place we quote the happy language of another :

"The first glance at the town provokes reflection. The condition of the wharves and ruined smithies and sail-lofts and other dilapidated buildings, once the necessary adjuncts of a prosperous commerce, form a sad commentary on its present business status. Once its wharves were crowded with shipping, principally whalers; ships were being built and fitted out, and the town echoed to all the attendant sounds of an active and thriving people, but now, alas! silence reigns supreme at noonday—the ships have departed probably never again to return; the wharves have

fallen to decay and are mere heaps of stone ; and her bronzed sons who planned, wrought and toiled, and went "down to the sea in ships," to gather wealth from old ocean, have gone the way of the living, while their sons are scattered abroad, leaving only a wreck of ancient prosperity around the old hearthstone.

"And yet with the vein of sadness which the town provokes, we look out from the hotel upon one of the finest harbors imaginable. The waves ripple and sparkle almost at our feet, with an unvarying temperature, kindled by a swirl of the Gulf Stream, to 70 degrees. A few pleasure boats rock gently at the crumbling wharves, perchance a fifty ton sloop is landing a little coastwise commerce, now and then a boat passes and repasses trawling for squetaug, dashing the spray lightly as she careens to the breeze, with her sparkling crew of broad-brimmed pleasure seekers of both sexes, singing as they sail. The blue shores of the Bay are seen ten or fifteen miles away, with now and then a square rigger passing up to New Bedford ; the lighthouse glistens on the point and the gentle breeze from the west fans the brow as we look out upon the peaceful panorama of sea and shore. Everything invites to repose, and the hush of the town is only now and then broken at noonday by the rumble of a farm wagon, or by the screech of a steam whistle at the box-mill, which seems quite out of place, as heralding, rather obtrusively, the only spot in the town where man is called regularly to daily toil.

“And so even with this imperfect picture of the town, drawn in the vein of its influence and associations, who shall say it is not a fitting place for one's vacation days. To us it seems the *ne plus ultra* of repose, all nicely shaped by circumstances as a retreat from city life. And the same ideas seem to impress all visitors alike and they enjoy the pleasures of the town with the same school-boy abandon that characterized that large party of grave seniors who paid the town a visit recently, disported themselves and broke bread with the Selectmen at Purrington Hall.”

In passing on we next reach Fairhaven, on the east bank of the Acushnet River, opposite New Bedford. It is not, however, known to any great extent as a summer resort.

Next comes New Bedford, fifty-five miles from Boston by rail. With a population of 22,000, it is one of the finest sea coast cities of New England; and the people are characterized by much intelligence and refinement, the evidence of which is found in the manner employed by so many in the use of their wealth. There are fine drives in the vicinity, and two excellent hotels, the Parker and the Mansion House. At New Bedford we leave the subject of Buzzard's Bay.



NEWPORT.

CHAPTER XII.

THE NORTHMEN — VERRAZANO — BEKKLEY — OLD MILL —
THE BEACHES — PURGATORY.



NARRAGANSET BAY is an arm of the sea extending northward into Rhode Island, being somewhat blocked up at the entrance by the long island upon which the city of Newport is built.

Here we enter upon decidedly historical ground. First of all, we have the story of the Northmen, those bold Icelanders who came down the coast from their colonies in Greenland, and explored this entire region to which various voyages were made between the years 1000—1012.* Then comes the story of Verrazano, who probably visited the harbor of Newport in the year 1527. At an early period in the colonial history (1627), the place was settled. It was also for a time the home of the famous Bishop Berkeley. The great attraction, however, is the pure air, and the

* The latest and fullest account of these voyages may be found in "The Pre-Columbian Discovery of America by the Northmen." By B. F. DeCosta. Albany: Joel Munsell. 1868.

bathing facilities, which have rendered Newport famous the world over, so that any lengthy description here would be needless. The place is reached by rail from Boston, distant 72 miles, and from New York by the steamer, 200 miles. The chief hotels are the Ocean and Atlantic Houses.

There are four beaches, three of which are situated east of the city. The Rocks are very fine in this region, and as at Nahant they have their histories and legends. Fort Adams commands the entrance to the Harbor; and opposite this place may be seen the remains of Fort Dumpling, a relic of the Revolution, during which period the place was somewhat celebrated.

Amongst the attractions of the place are the Redwood Library and the Old Stone Mill, whose origin has never been fully demonstrated. It would be difficult to prove that it was built by the Northmen, notwithstanding the fact that they visited these coasts. There is also Trinity Church, built 150 years ago. The drives are everywhere fine. Concerning the place known as "Purgatory," one says:

"*Purgatory*, near Sachuset Beach, is the name given to an immense, dark chasm in a bold front of rocks, called the Bluff. It is 160 feet in length, from 8 to 14 feet wide, and 50 feet deep. It is supposed that these rocks were thus divided by some sudden upheaval of the range at this point, although others give it as their opinion that it resulted from the washing of

the ocean at an early period in the world's history. It requires some courage and nerve to step to the brink and look down into those 'horrid jaws.' Near it are the *Hanging Rocks*, 'within whose shadow it is said that Bishop Berkeley wrote his *Minute Philosopher*.'"






NARRAGANSET BAY.

CHAPTER XIII.

PROVIDENCE—ROCKY POINT—MOUNT HOPE—APPONAUG—
POINT JUDITH.

“HE most beautiful of the many New England bays is the ‘*Narraganset*.’ It is situated within the boundaries of the State of Rhode Island, extending nearly thirty miles inland, in a northerly direction, and not exceeding fifteen miles in width. It receives its name from a noted and powerful tribe of Indians who formerly held possession of its islands and adjacent territory, and the numerous contests of the early settlers with the ‘red men’ have rendered it and its vicinity rich in historic interest. It is very irregular in its outline, being itself composed of its congeries of bays and sounds. It is this very irregularity, however, that gives it a peculiar charm, and one has no sooner entered it than he seems to be sailing over some inland lake, instead of an arm of the sea. Within it is the Island of Rhode of Rhode Island, from which the State receives its name, upon which is situated Newport, one of its capitals, and whose beauty and

commercial advantages are widely known. Other islands are scattered over its surface, enhancing its beauty."

At the head of the Bay stands the far-famed city of Providence, founded by Roger Williams in 1635, having its University and other public institutions. This city forms a pivotal position for tourists who desire to become acquainted with the Bay. Near the edge of the city, on Sekonk River, is What Cheer Rock, where Rogers was first greeted by the Indians.

Rocky Point is a beautiful summer retreat on the west shore of the bay. Steamers run daily, in the summer season, to all the various points in the bay.

Mount Hope, so celebrated in New England history, is on the east side of the bay, just below Bristol. The summit of this height affords a fine view of the waters far and near. Opposite the mount is the city of Fall River.

The towns on the west side of the bay are Warick, Greenwich and Kingston. Warick is 52 miles from Boston via the Providence Railroad. It contains a number of villages, amongst which is Apponaug, on the northern extremity of Greenwich Bay, already mentioned. It has manufactories of needle-threaders, woolen yarn, cigars, etc., also an academy and several private schools. About a mile from Apponaug is a huge rock, so nicely balanced upon another that a boy can set it in motion, producing a noise heard sometimes to the distance of six and even eight miles.



LONG ISLAND SOUND.

CHAPTER XIV.

STONINGTON—MYSTIC—GUILFORD—BRANDFORD—EAST HAVEN—FAIRHAVEN—NEW HAVEN—STRATFORD—RYE BEACH, NEW YORK—LONG ISLAND—STATEN ISLAND.



PROCEEDING southward on the Connecticut coast bordering Long Island Sound, the first place of importance found is Stonington, 138 miles from New York City. It is an ancient town settled in 1649. The harbor, which possesses the usual advantages for boating and fishing, is protected by a breakwater. The principal hotel is the "Waddamonach."

Four miles farther on is Mystic, lying on both sides of the river by this name. Here took place the Pequot Massacre, May 26, 1637. Groton is 127 miles from New York, and New London is 126 miles. The latter is now a fashionable summer resort, and is reached either by rail or by steamer from New York. The town was settled in 1645 by John Winthrop, and is situated on the west bank of the River Thames. The "Pequot House" is the famous summer hotel.

The next point of interest is Guilford, 92 miles from New York. This is an ancient town, admirably adapted to the wants of *quiet people*. "Sachem's Head" is the chief resort of visitors. Here may be found fine boating and bathing. Guilford is the birthplace of Halleck, the Poet.

Proceeding on our way, we have the following stations: Brandford, 84 miles; East Haven, 81 miles; Fairhaven, 78, and New Haven, 75 miles from New York. But of New Haven, near the sea, we need not here speak. Going on, therefore, two miles, we reach West Haven also near the shore, the Savin Rock House, a favorite seaside resort, being only four miles distant.

The rest of the stations may be given as follows with their distances from New York: Milford, 67 miles; Stratford, 62; Bridgeport, 59; Fairfield, 54; Southport, 52; Norwalk, 45; Stamford, 37; Port Chester, (New York,) 29; Mamaroneck, 24; New Rochelle, 20; Mount Vernon, 17 miles from New York City.

In passing along the coast, the tourist has many pleasant views of Long Island Sound, and may find various quiet summer resorts. Rye Beach should be specially mentioned.

After leaving Mount Vernon, on the way to New York, there is nothing of especial interest to speak of until we reach the city, which must be seen by the aid of a local guide.

From New York City we reach Long Island, a place possessing many attractions. The various points are connected with the city by steamboats and railroads.

Brooklyn, opposite New York City, is worth visiting, if one has the time to give; but tourists will generally prefer to proceed to the Long Island Railroad Station at Hunter's Point, and go on with little delay. This road extends to Greenpoint, 94 miles distant on the Sound at the east end of the Island, and has branches to Locust Valley, Northport, and Sag Harbor. Greenport has all the seaside attractions, the same may be said of East Hampton. The trip to Montauk Point

must be done by stage from Greenport. The latter place is now connected with Newport by steamer, and by this route passengers are going from New York and Boston.

The South Side Railroad extends 54 miles to Patchogue. By this road, which runs from East Brooklyn, we reach Rockaway Beach (21 miles distant), and also Babylon.

Fire Island is 35 miles from New York City, and to reach the place the tourist gets out at Bay Side and takes the steamer across South Bay.

On the South Side Road is Islip, 43 miles from New York ; this is a rapidly growing place, attracting many summer visitors.

The third railroad is the New York and Flushing, which runs from Hunter's Point to Great Neck, on the Sound.

Coney Island, on the south side of Long Island may be reached by the horse-cars from Brooklyn. Various steamers run in the summer season to resorts on the North side.

Next we turn to Staten Island, often compared with the "Isle of Wight." The South Shore Railroad runs from Stapleton to Tottenville, opposite Amboy, New Jersey. Stapleton is reached by the steamer leaving New York at the foot of Whitehall Street, hourly. The north shore of the island is reached by a boat that leaves one of the piers of the North River. The principal point on the north shore is New Brighton, where there are various hotels. Staten Island forms one side of what is known as "Kills," a narrow passage between the Island and the Jersey shore. Of the latter place we must next speak.



THE JERSEY COAST.

CHAPTER XV.

STATEN ISLAND—NEW BRIGHTON—BERGEN POINT—ELIZABETH—AMBOY—PORT MONMOUTH—NAVESINK—RED BANK—LONG BRANCH—CAPE MAY.



HE attraction of the Jersey coast is found in the pure air and the sea bathing, in connection with the accessibility of the various resorts.

The railroad lines abound with accommodation, but in this guide we are to keep as much as possible to the sea.

In leaving New York the steamer usually goes outside of Staten Island, but we are fortunate if we go through the Kills, as the views are animated and charming, the water being covered with all kinds of craft, while the shores are lined with beautiful villas. If we are going to Long Branch, we take the steamer at Pier 28, North River, to Sandy Hook and Port Monmouth, distant 20 miles. On our left, we see New Brighton and the neighboring towns; and on the right, Bergen Point, Elizabethport and Amboy. The delightful views will everywhere enchain the attention.

In pleasant weather steamers go outside, and on reaching Port Monmouth the tourist takes the train for Long Branch, since from this point we must view the shore from the inland. At a distance of four miles

we reach the Highlands of Navesink, a range of hills extending from Sandy Hook to Raritan Bay. The highest of these is "Mount Mitchell," 282 feet above the sea. These highlands, crowned with a couple of light houses about one hundred feet apart, are famous landmarks for ships approaching the coast. Here may be found hotels, good walks and drives, with fishing and bathing.

Six miles from Port Monmouth is Red Bank, a delightful summer resort, with everything to make life agreeable. Five miles farther on is Oceanport, and finally, at a distance of 31 miles from New York we reach the world-renowned Long Branch.

The attempt to describe Long Branch must always prove a failure, and, therefore, the individual would do well to go and see it for himself, with its scores of hotels, its crush of visitors, and its unequalled attractions of sea, sky and land. We could not begin even to mention the names of the hotels.

Those who wish to enjoy all the advantages of Long Branch in a quiet way, have only to go on 5 miles to Deal.

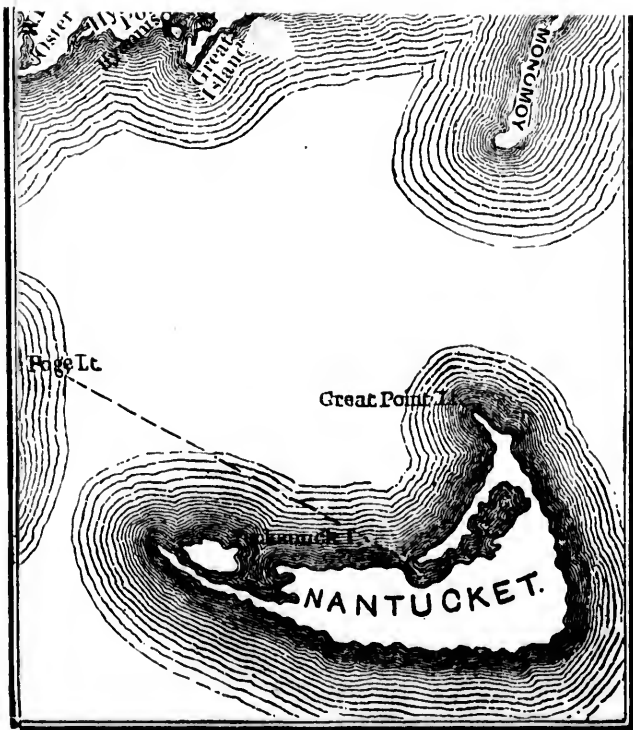
Whoever wishes to visit Atlantic City can go on from Long Branch by rail. This place is 60 miles from Philadelphia, and 133 from New York. It is a famous watering-place, and the hotels are open from July until the middle of September.

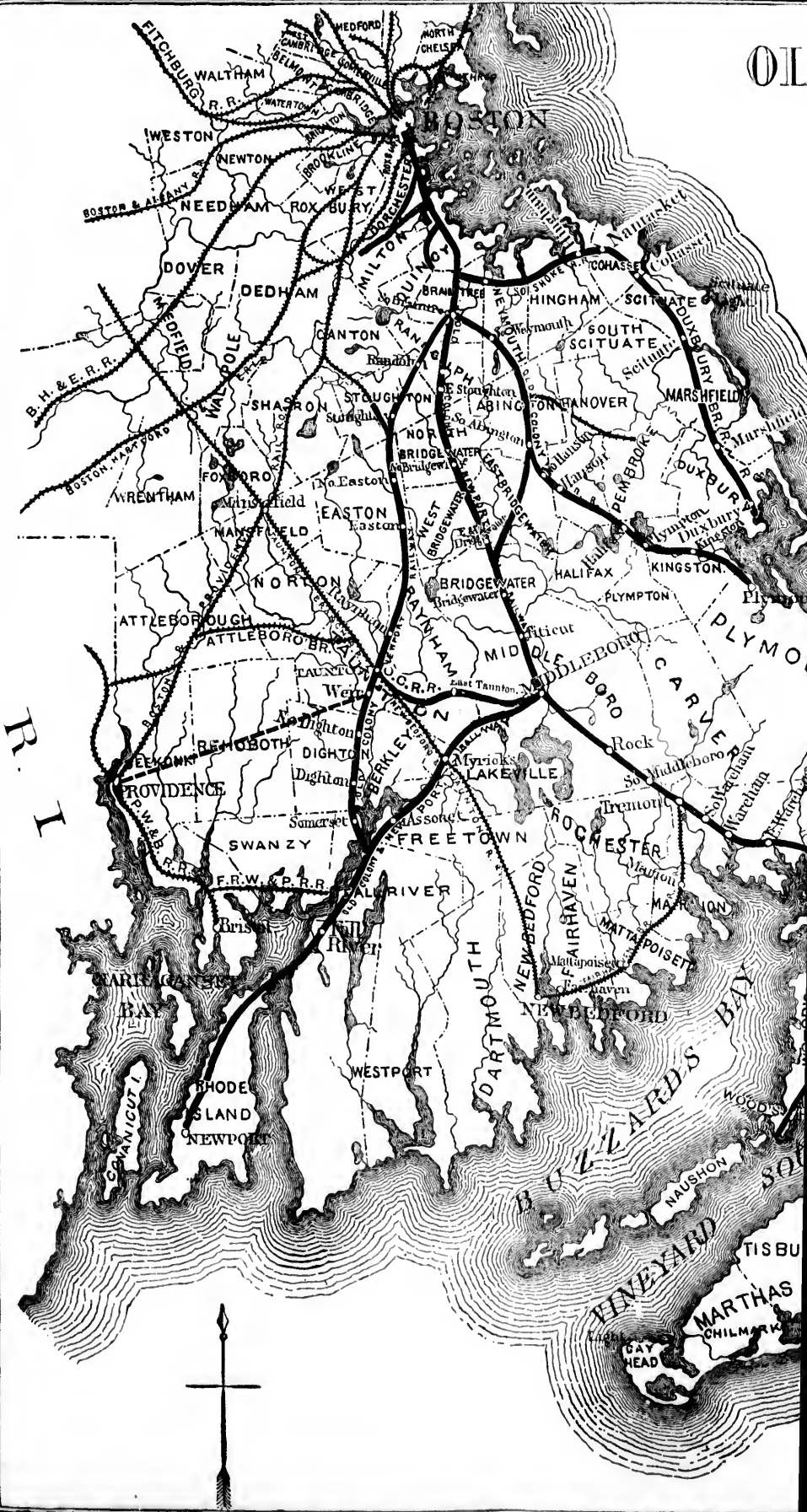
Finally we have to speak of Cape May, which forms the extreme southern point of New Jersey, standing opposite Cape Henlopen. Here is a smooth, firm beach, five miles long, which affords a splendid drive. The hotels stand on Cape Island, a piece of land comprising two or three hundred acres. The hotels are

numerous, and in the height of the season are crowded by fashionable visitors, especially from Philadelphia and the South. Cape May is reached by rail from both New York and Philadelphia. The principal resort here is Cold Spring, two miles from the Cape on the line of the railroad. Cape May is well known as "health's cheerful haunt;" at least thousands have found it so.



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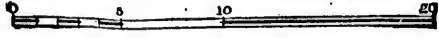




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